MT. STERLING ADVOCATE.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL, IDENTICAL IN INTEREST WITH ITS OWN PEOPLE.

VOL. V | MT. STERLING, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, JANUAYR 3, 1895. | NO. 23

THE MRS. HOPKINS STAR KNEE PANTS.

FIVE POINTS OF PERFECTION

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Perfect Fitting

Elastic Waist Bands.

DOUBLE KNEES

HOLD FAST BUTTONS

WARRANTED NOT TO RIP.

Mrs. Jane Hopkins.

For Sale by L. B. Ringold.

L. B. RINGOLD

Will offer for Sale from now [DEC. 4th] until JAN. 1st, 1895, his magnificent stock of

Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, and Gents' Furnishing Goods

At GREATLY REDUCED PRICES!

Despite the hard times our business is steadily on the increase. Honest goods at moderate prices is doing the work for us. We wish to make this our banner year, therefore offer extra inducements during this month. Give us a call and note the difference between former prices and our prices now.

The Starter Combination.

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Suits, extra Pants and Cap to match For sale by L. B. RINGOLD.

Main Street. | L. B. RINGOLD, | Mt. Sterling, Ky.

STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

EXCHANGE BANK OF KENTUCKY,

MT. STERLING, KY.

AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS DEC. 31, 1894.

RESOURCES.		LIABILITIES.	
[Lo]ans and discounnts	$170,635 21	Capital Stock	$100,000 00
[Real] estate for debt	5,000 00	Profit and Loss	737 27
[R]eal Estate—office	3,500 00	Contingent Fund	291 66
[Fu]rniture and fixtures	896 00	Fund to pay taxes	1,024 37
[...] stock	2 96	Deposits	155,384 33
[D]ue from Banks	60,818 73	Due to Banks	
[C]ash on hand	14,774 93		
[O]verdrafts	2,405 73		
Total	$257,437 63	Total	$257,437 63

Gross ea[rnin]gs last six months		$7,377 7[...]
Profit an[d l]oss brought forward		621 [...]
Total		$7,999 39
Disposed of as fo[llo]ws:—Expenses	$3,058 39	
Bad debts charge[d o]ff	1,203 73	
Dividend, 3 per c[ent]	3,000 00	
Remaining to pr[ofit] and loss	737 27	$7,999 39

H. R. FRENCH, CASHIER.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

—OF—

[M]t. Sterling National Bank,

At Mt. Sterling, Ky.

AT CLOSE OF BUSINESS, DEC. 19, 1894.

RESOURCES.

[Loa]ns and discounts		$ 127,803 84
[Over]drafts, secured and unsecured		4,151 39
[U.] S. Bonds to secure circulation		25,000 00
[Sto]cks, securities, etc.		6,512 50
[B]anking house, furniture and fixtures		7,000 00
[Du]e from National Banks (not reserve agents)		7,248 87
[Du]e from State Banks and bankers		6,076 81
[Du]e from approved reserve agents		66,551 38
[Ch]ecks and other cash items		15 96
[No]tes of other National Banks		2,000 00
[Fra]ctional paper currency, nickles, etc.		22 91
[La]wful Money Reserve in Bank, viz:		
[S]pecie	$21,904 00	
[L]egal tender notes	2,500 00—	24,404 00
[Re]demption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation.)		1,123 00
Total		$277,910 66

LIABILITIES.

[Capital] stock paid in	$	50,000 00
[Surplus] fund		13,000 00
[Undivi]ded profits, less expenses and [taxes] paid		2,702 15
[National B]ank Notes outstanding		22,500 00
[Due to other] National Banks		2,883 01
[Due to Stat]e banks and bankers		785 01
[Individual d]eposits subject to check		186,040 49
		$277,910 66

[State of Ken]tucky, county of Montgomery:

[I, Pierce] Winn, Cashier of the above named [bank, do solem]nly swear that the above state[ment is true t]o the best of my knowledge and [belief.]

PIERCE WINN, Cashier.

[Subscribed a]nd sworn to before me this 27th [day of Dec.,] 1894.

JNO. F. KING, N. P.

Jas. G. Winn, [...] Cockrell, [...] O. Moberly,	Directors

[...]es-Thompson Grocery [...]ve in printer's ink be[cause it m]ake them money. They [...]hat they have to sell; [...] and always have the [...] [adv]ertise. They have an [...] in this issue.

[...] Desc[...] Gill will preach at [...] next Sunday morn[ing]

Mr. Luke Peters, of the Owingsville Outlook, has gone to Savannah, where he has a position on he Savannah News.

Tyler & Apperson have removed their office to Judge Apperson's business house on Main stree, opposite the Masonic Temple. They occupy the upstairs rooms.

W. W. Reed has arranged with us for space for the year and his offerings will be found in the ADVOCATE in each succeeding week Read his notice this week.

Rev. Richard French, of Winchester, has accepted a call as pastor of the Howard's Mill Baptist church, beginning with the first of Febuary.

The Week of Prayer will be observed here next week. The first service will be with the First Presbyterian church Monday evening at 7 o'clock.

The detective Mr. Pese has finally caught the Rev. A. A. Hampton, colored, who murdered S C. Durham, white, over a year ago. Mr. Pense has been on his track ever since the murder, but the wily negro had managed to escape him until lately.

The report from Jacksonville, Fla., is that the mercury went down to 14 above zero, just before sunrise Dec. 31. The officials of the Florida Fruit Exchange say that of the 2,600,000 boxes of oranges on the trees, fully 2,000,000 boxes have been frozen.

Mr. O. L. King, of Chatanooga, representing C. A. Hine & Co., of Danville, Va., manufacturers of the celebrated Lager tobcco. was in the city last week. The tobacco is taking like wild fire and an enormous trade is being built up on it. It is of superior quality or it could not have such large sales.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mrs. Fannie Stofer is reported quite ill.

Mrs. Loduska Gatewood visited relatives here last week

Misses Nettie Hunt and Ollie Carrington are visiting in Lexington.

Dr. W. R. Thompson visited his parents at Payne's Depot last week.

Miss Sallie Berkley, Lizzie Stoops and Fannie Jones are in Lexington.

Miss Mattie Hall, of near Stanton, is visiting Miss Fannie Burton on High street.

Mr. F. L. Bosworth, of Knoxville, Tenn., visited the family of Dr. R. Q. Drake last week.

Messrs. George Honn and A. W. Button, of Bowen, spent several days in the city last week.

Miss Elizabeth Ried will go to Louisville to-day to visit her couisin, Mrs. John T. Prewitt.

Miss Minnie Blunt, who has been spending Christmas at home, returned to school at Georgetown yesterday.

Misses Leora Campbell and Fannie McClure, of Carlisle, spent the holidays with relatives and friends in the city.

Misses Mamie and Annie Crutcher, of Richmond, visited, during Christmas week, Misses Mamie and Stella Thompson.

Messrs Robert Benton and Rice Crooks who have been at home for the holidays returned to school at Richmond yesterday.

Rev. D. D. Taylor, formerly Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., this city, now of the Southern Theological Seminary, visited the family of R. Q. Drake last week.

Judge James H. Hazelrigg and son, Dyke, of Frankfort, have been in the city this week visiting Mrs. C. P Chenault and other relatives.

Mr. Thomas Montgomery and sister Miss Helen, and Mr. Will Miller, of Louisville, are visiting Mrs. L. C. Montgomery at Mrs M. W. Chorn's.

Col. Thomas D. Jones, of Eminence, has been in the city visiting friends for several days Mr. Jones is a retired lawyer of ability, and a genial, courteous gentleman. He will return home to-day. He formerly represented Shelby county in the Legislature and never lost a case in the Court of Appeals. It is rumored that he will form a partnership with one of our most estimable ladies at no distant day

FORTY-FIRST SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT

—OF THE—

MT. STERLING NATIONAL BANK.

TO THE STOCKHOLDERS

AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS, DEC. 31. 1894.

RESOURCES.		LIABILITIES.	
Loans and discounts	$130,201 36	Capital Stock	$ 50,000 00
Overdrafts	2,034 02	Surplus Fund	13,000 00
U. S Bonds	25,000 00	Circulation	22,000 00
Other Bonds and Stocks	6,512 50	Due to Banks	889 48
Real Estate, Furniture & Fixtures	7,000 00	Fund to pay taxes	1,109 77
5 per cent. Redemption Fund	1,123 00	Individual Deposits	181,652 13
Due from Banks	69,714 74		
Cash	26,965 76		
Total	$268,651 38	Total	$268,651 38

Gross Earnings Last Six Months		$5,607 30
Undivided Profits Remaining June 30, 1894		716 54
Total		$ 6,323 84
Disposed of as follows:—Expense Acc't and taxes paid	$3,214 07	
Four per cent. dividend	2,000 00	
Fund to pay taxes	1,109 77	$6,323 84

PIERCE WINN, Cashier.

Thos. D. Eastin died in Washington City, Saturday, Dec. 29, 1894 Some weeks since he left this city for Washington to secure work on a newspaper. The sudden announcement of his death came in the nature of a shock to his friends here. His remains were brought to this place, and on Tuesday, placed in the vault in Machpelah cemetery. Mr. Eastin was by nature endowed with more than a ordinarily bright mind, and had the rare guift of making himself a pleasant acquisition to any company when he chose to lay himself out to please. He leaves a wife and child, besides his parents and two brothers We extend sympathy to the stricken ones in their bereavment.

Mr. W. C. Hoffman, the live young insurance man of this city, has placed himself at the head of the agents in the State for the Montpelier National Life Insurance Company, by sending in more policies than any other agent in Kentucky. Messrs Cassady and Labe, State Agents, send him in acknowledgdment of his success, a handsome grip, which Curry values more highly as a mark of their appreciation of his work, than for its intrinsic worth.

Zerubbabel Lodge 199 F. & A. M. at Judy, elected officers on Saturday evening for the ensuing year as follows: A. L. Denton, Master; Dr. Kellar Johnson, Senior Warden; English Anderson, Junior Warden; D. T. Duncan, Treasurer; C. T. Flanders, Secretary; Thomas Colliver, Senior Deacon; Jo Swope, Junior Deacon; E. M. Duncan, Tyler.

Willie Staratt has secured a position behind the counter at Thos. Kennedy's Drug Store. Willie extends a special invitation to all his friends to call and allow him to serve their wants.

Died, on Saturday evening, Dec. 29, 1894, Prof. Rufus Fogg, in the 77th year of his age. For months past he has been in declining health, and for some weeks past it was known that the end was only a little way off Yet with a beautiful faith in the promise of a glorious somewhere, he looked with an absolute indifference upon the approaching shadow cast by man's last great enemy. He died as he had lived, at peace with his God, his fellowmen and himself. His was a singularly gentle and peaceable life and few more fully fulfilled the apostlis injunction: "as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men." For many years he taught music in this and surrounding counties, and many of those who to-day are relied upon to furnish our music in the churches at this place remember with tenderness the gentle teacher who first taught them the rudiments of song. A few days since the writer was at his bedside and he was shown a photograph of the old patriarch and thirty-one of his children and grandchildren grouped around him. It was a beautiful and touching scene. Besides his sons and their children he leaves an aged sister, Mrs Margaret Carrington, to mourn his going hence. On Monday the funeral services were held at the Christian church, of which congregation he had long been a faithful and honored member.

A telegram from Boonsboro, Ky, says that the dead body of George Royce, a stock-dealer, was found in a badly decayed condition near Riverside. It is supposed that the purpose of the murder was robbery.

Miss Susan Fenemore Cooper, the daughter of James Fenemore Cooper, the novelist, died at her home in Coopertown, New York, of apoplexy Dec. 31.

SANTA CLAUS' HEADQUARTERS!

The stockings Must Be Filled.

NOW is the time and here is your chance. The big HOLIDAY STOCK has come. The elegant presents are now on exhibition. The shrewd buyers are getting first pick from our grand display of HOLIDAY GOODS. Never have such nice goods been shown—never have greater varieties been offered—never have prices been so low.

Something for everybody and everybody is pleased who sees and purchases from our great line of choice selections in Toys, Books and Novelties, Fancy Goods, Notions, Etc.

It is impossible to tell what We Have.

YOU must see our display to appreciate the multitude of nice presents we offer for one and all, old and young. Our beautiful new stock is all bright, clean and fresh, and consists wholly of the latest and most popular designs. Our PRICES make these beautiful goods irresistible.

ENOCH'S BARGAIN HOUSE

MT. STERLING, - - KY.

A FAIR TRIAL of Hood's Sarsaparilla guarantees a complete cure. It is an honest medicine, honestly advertised and it honestly CURES

ONE CHRISTMAS EVE.

Disguised as a Beggar, the Christ Child Seeks Shelter—A German Legend.

Here is a Christmas story that has been told the little children in Germany for many hundreds of years:

'Twas the night before Christmas. A little child was wandering all alone through the streets of a great city. People were hurrying hither and thither, and express wagons were being rattled through the streets. Even the snowflakes seemed happy with the expectation of the coming Christmas morning.

But the little child seemed to have no home and wandered on from street to street. No one noticed him except perhaps Jack Frost, who bit his bare toes and made his fingers tingle. The north wind, too, pierced his ragged garments and made him shiver with cold. Home after home he passed, looking with longing eyes through the windows in upon the happy children who were trimming Christmas trees and hanging stockings for old Santa Claus to fill.

Cold and alone the little wanderer softly tiptoed his way up to a beautiful window through which he could see a tree loaded with gifts and glittering with lights. He tapped on the glass, but a little girl coming to the window frowned and shook her head, saying: "Go away. We are too busy to take care of you now."

Back into the dark street he went. Coming to another happy home, where he heard the song and laughter of merry children, he climbed up the broad steps and gently tapped on the door. It was opened by a tall footman in white hat and gloves. He looked at the child then sadly shook his head and said: "Go down off the steps. There is no room for such as you here."

Again and again the little child rapped softly at door or window pane. At each place he was refused admission. Later grew the night and colder blew the wind. Farther and farther the little one wandered. The street was lengthy, when suddenly there shone ahead of him a single ray of bright light. He hurried on, saying, "I will go where the little light beckons me."

He soon reached the end of the street and went straight up to the window from which the light was streaming. It was a poor, little, low house. What do you suppose the light came from? A tallow candle. Looking in, the little one saw standing upon a small wooden table a branch of a Christmas tree. Near the fire sat a lonely faced mother, with a baby on her knee and an older child beside her. She was telling them a Christmas story.

The little wanderer crept closer and closer to the window pane. So sweet seemed the mother and so loving the children that he took courage and tapped gently, very gently, on the door. The mother stopped talking; the little children looked up. "What was that, mother?" asked the little girl. "I think it was some one at the door. Run quickly, dear, for it is too cold a night to keep any one waiting in the storm."

The child ran to the door and threw it wide open. The mother saw the little stranger, cold and shivering, clothed in rags, and his little feet almost bare. "Oh, you poor, dear child! Come in quickly and get warm. Have you no home? No Christmas to celebrate?"

The mother put her arms around the strange child and drew him close to her. She sat beside the fire with the little one on her knee, and her own two little ones warmed his half frozen hands and, bending low over his head, kissed the little wanderer's brow. They gave him the bowl of bread and milk that had been put away for their own breakfast, and when he had eaten it the little girl said, "Now let us light the Christmas tree and share our presents with this little child."

So busy were they lighting the tree and getting the presents ready that they did not notice that the room had filled with a strange and beautiful light.

They turned and looked at the spot where the little wanderer was. His ragged clothes had changed to garments white and beautiful. His tangled curls seemed like a halo of golden light, and his face shone with a light that they could scarcely look upon.

The little room seemed to grow larger, the roof of the low house to expand and rise until it reached the sky.

With a sweet smile the child looked upon them for a moment and then slowly rose and floated through the air, higher even than the clouds themselves, until he appeared like a shining star in the sky and at last disappeared from sight.

The wondering children turned and whispered to the mother, "Oh, mother, it was the Christ child!" And the mother said in a low tone, "Yes, my children."—Exchange.

What Christ Taught.

Before Christ came men did not know God. They did not understand his fatherhood and affection. They had all along supposed that whoever would enjoy God's favor must purchase it in some way, and so before the coming of Christ men crouched and trembled before God as though he were an almighty tyrant and they worshiped before him with sacrifices of slavish fear. But the coming of Christ brought a new element into human faith. He taught not the Jew alone, but he taught all men everywhere that God loves them; that he loves them as sinners; that he loves them with a love that is more devoted and tender than any mother bears her child; that he is not only ready to forgive them all that is past of transgression and sin, but to make them heirs of a glorious and eternal inheritance; that all God asks of man is love.—Christian Advocate.

Christmas Thoughts.

Christmas is almost in sight, and stockings are much longer than they were last year.—Dallas News.

A praiseworthy Christmas decoration—lining the pockets of the poor with gold and silver.—New York Journal.

Christmas comes but once a year, and when it does it sneaks up on every one unawares.—Chicago Record.

TIGHTEN YOUR HAIRPINS.

If You Don't, You Will Not Be Able to Keep Your Sweetheart.

The following interesting little story, accentuating the old creole darky's superstition of "Hold fast your hairpins, hold fast your love," was contributed by Miss Eva Dorsey Anderson: I was walking on Canal street one day and lost some of the small silver hairpins that I used to hold my hair in place. An old colored woman returned them to me with the remark, "Take care, honey, yo's a-losin some of yo' sweethearts, shore; yo' better hold 'em tight." "Why, auntie, how is that?" I inquired. I am always interested in the quaint superstitions of African lore. I find when sifted to the bottom they contain grains of golden wisdom that make one almost believe the Swedenborgian theory that these Africans are the remnant of the most ancient church upon the earth of the celestial nature. Her old wrinkled face was all alive with an intelligence that was certainly not of the mind, but of the heart, as she answered: "Laws, chile, don' yo' know dat's a shore sign when yo' draps yo' harpen dot yo's a-losin yo' hol on yo' sweetheart? Now, don' yo' feel bad, honey, and cry yo' purty eyes out for any son ob Adam dat's a-livin. Dey ain't worf it, nary a one of dem. An jes' yo' believe what ole Rose tells yo', honey," continued the old woman earnestly. "Yo' take dem harpen and lay 'em at the feet of the blessed Jesus, and he will shorely send you back yo' sweetheart."

Then, as she saw incredulity in my face, she said indignantly, "Ain't de blessed Lord done say every hair ob yo' head is counted?"

I thanked the dear old celestial soul for her kindly aid as muttering a blessing on "de dear mamselle" she went away. But the quaint words, so earnestly spoken, sunk into my heart, and I pondered their meaning. It was easy to trace back the superstition to the Swendenborgian doctrine of correspondence of type. Hair is the type of affection, and every one knows that it is impossible not to show the character by the lines and the arrangement of the hair. Fashions in hair show the temper of the time, and men have cut off their hair to denote austerity and abstinence from earthly affection. The stern, austere Puritans shaved their hair and were called "roundheads," while the rollicking cavaliers wore floating curls and were addicted to all pleasures. Another instance of the truth of this type is the shearing of the beautiful tresses of the nun when she takes her vows to renounce the affections of the world. A woman binds her hair about her head to express feminine restraint, and St. Paul is very explicit in his commands in regard to the cutting and adorning of hair in a woman.

And so, linking the wisdom of Swedenborg, the sage, to the old negro mammy's quaint fancy, I thought that it was a beautiful thing to hold that man's affection is thus crowned with the type of the imperishable. And did not old Rose quote the highest authority? "Verily I say unto you the very hairs of your head are numbered," believing in her simplicity of heart that the least things pertaining to our affections are not lost, and the least loving thought of our sweethearts can be regained by laying it at the feet of the Lord, where all love is surely garnered. It was a beautiful fancy, if nothing more, and it brought to me the thought of a loving, weeping woman who thousands of years ago bathed the feet of Jesus with her tears and wiped them with her raven tresses, bringing her best and highest love into lowest service.

So I thought I would send the little story to Woman's World and Work to remind the girls to be careful how they fastened their pretty tresses with their gold and silver pins, for as they place these pins carefully and securely they are holding in their faithful hearts their true lover's best affection, but if they put them in with light and careless fingers they are running the risk of losing their admirer and laying themselves open to the imputation of flirt.—New York Tribune.

Mystery of the Blue Bean.

The English blue bean, when introduced by the proprietors of The Horticultural Review, caused much commotion in the horticultural world. At Earl's court, shortly afterward, the blue bean was the center of attraction in the pavilion devoted to the fruit and flower shows, the table on which the dishes containing the delicately tinted pods were displayed being thronged throughout the day by an enthusiastic crowd of amateur and professional gardeners, all bent on solving the mystery of the blue bean. The secret of the blue bean's blueness no man knows. It is of a most exquisite tint, and every part of the [illegible] of the pod is both evenly and perfectly dyed. Inside the flesh and seeds are of the usual green tint, and from a culinary point of view the bean is everything that could be desired.—London News.

SHIP YOUR PRODUCE TO
KIRKPATRICK & JOHNSON
1011 Liberty St., Pittsburg, Pa.,
AND YOU WILL RECEIVE
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—THEY EITHER—
Buy Outright
OR HANDLE ON COMMISSION
Eggs, Butter, Cheese, Poultry, Apples, Potatoes, Grain, HIDES, ETC., ETC.
CAR LOTS A SPECIALTY.
SEND FOR OUR PRICE LIST.

IT TICKLES YOU
THE INSTANT RELIEF YOU GET FROM
LIGHTNING HOT DROPS.
CURES Colic, Cramps, Diarrhœa, Flux, Cholera Morbus, Nausea, Changes of Water, etc.
HEALS Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scratches, Bites of Animals, Serpents, Bugs, etc.
BREAKS UP Bad Colds, La Grippe, Influenza, Croup, Sore Throat, etc.
SMELLS GOOD, TASTES GOOD, DOES GOOD—EVERY TIME.
Sold Everywhere at 25c and 50c Per Bottle. No Relief, No Pay.
50c size contains two and one half times as much as 25c bottle.
HERB MEDICINE CO. SPRINGFIELD, O.

TABLER'S BUCK EYE PILE OINTMENT
CURES NOTHING BUT PILES.
A SURE and CERTAIN CURE known for 15 years as the BEST REMEDY for PILES.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
Prepared by RICHARDSON MED CO., ST. LOUIS.

Wood's Phosphodine.
THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.

Before and After.
Promptly and permanently cures all forms of Nervous Weakness, Emissions, and Spermatorrhea Impotency, and all effects of Abuse or Excesses. Been prescribed over 35 years in thousands of cases; is the only Reliable and Honest Medison known. Ask druggist for Wood's Phosphodine; if he offers some worthless medicine in place of this, leave his dishonest store, inclose price in letter and we will send by return mail. Price, one package $1; six $5. One will please, six will cure. Phamplet in plain sealed envelope, two stamps. Address
Sold in Mt. Sterling by Kennedy Bros., R. C. Lloyd, W. S. Lloyd, Tarlton G. Julian and druggist everywhere

Home Steam Laundry.
No better work anywhere. Prices the same and money circulated at home.

G. E. & J. L COLEMAN,
REPRESENT THE
Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company,
Which offers better advantages for less money than any other Company.
G. E. & J. L. COLEMAN,
Mt. Sterling, - Ky.

Have You Anything To Sell?
Then advertise in the ADVOCATE. It will be certain to find you a purchaser

WANTED! WANTED!!
Live Geese, Ducks, Old Hens and Roosters, Hides, Furs, Tallow, Beeswax, Feathers and Ginseng, for which I will pay the highest cash price.
E. T. REIS.
Mar 1, '95.

For Rent.
My brick store room on East High steet.
20-3t T. F. ROGERS.

JOHN G. WOOD. BROWN CORNELISON.
WOOD & CORNELISON,
Fire Insurance, Real Estate and Loan Agents,
Represent some of the best Fire Companies and the best Loan Companies doing business in Kentucky. They will insure your property, lend you money or sell or rent your property.
Office, Fizer Block,
Mt. Sterling, Ky.

Blue Grass Nurseries.
Orchard. • Lawn. • Garden.
A full stock of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Small Fruits, Grape Vines, Asparagus and everything usually found at such an establishment. Try us on prices. We do not sell through agents, but direct to the planter. Catalogue on application.
H. F. HILLENMEYER,
[illegible]TON, KY.

SHOES
HOME MADE TO ORDER.
BEST STOCK AND ANY STYLE DESIRED. . . .

Best Calf, peged to fit the foot	$4 50
Best Calf, hand sewed	5 50
Best Cordavan, hand sewed	7 00
Best Calf Boot, peged	7 00
Best Calf boot, sewed	9 00

These Goods are first-class in every respect, and a fit is guaranteed.
Leather PRESERVER of my own make, properly used on shoes will wear much loner; 10 [illegible] 25c [illegible]x.
GEORGE REISENGER,
South Maysville Street,
Mt. Sterling Kentucky.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.
The best salve in the world for cuts bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever, sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. S Lloyd. 19-tf

THE PEOPLE WANT
CLOTHING, HATS, etc.
AND WANT THEM CHEAP.
THAT IS THEY WANT
A SUIT OF CLOTHES
AT A BARGAIN, and the firm that keeps the best at the closest prices is the one that holds the customers.
WE have the goods and at the prices. Ours are the best goods and none can sell cheaper. You can buy a suit, a hat or anything in our line at a BARGAIN.
Come and See Us,
YOUNG & HAZELRIGG
MAIN STREET, - - MT. STERLING, KY.

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under reasonable conditions. Our FREE 96 page catalogue will explain why we can afford it.
Draughon's Practical Business College,
NASHVILLE, TENN. (Write for catalogue.)
Book-keeping, Shorthand, Penmanship and Telegraphy. We spend more money in the interest of our Employment Department than half the Business Colleges take in as tuition. 4 weeks by our method teaching book-keeping is equal to 12 weeks by the old plan. 11 teachers, 600 students past year, no vacation; enter any time. CHEAP BOARD. We have recently prepared books especially adapted to
HOME STUDY.
Sent on 10 days trial. Write us and explain "your wants." N. B.—We pay $5. cash for all vacancies as book-keepers, stenographers, teachers, clerks, etc., reported to us, provided we fill same.

E. H. WUERDEMAN,
No. 58 Thirteenth St., bet. Vine and Walnut,
CINCINNATI, OHIO,
LADIES' AND GENTS' APPAREL
Cleaned, Dry Cleaned or Dyed
To Give Satisfaction, Without Ripping.
SPECIAL MOURNING DEPARTMENT—Full Trimmed Dresses Dyed in 3 to 5 days.
Experience has proven that the best prevention against moth is to have Woolen Dresses or Gents' Suits cleaned or dyed before packing them away for the season. Send for circular.
E. H. WUERDEMAN.
ISA M. WILKERSON, at L. F. Payne's, Agent.

FOR WATER.
If you Want a good WELL, Senff & Kendal will get it for you CHEAP.
They are prepared to go any depth.

MOST IN QUANTITY. BEST IN QUALITY.
WORMS!
WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUGE
FOR 20 YEARS Has led all WORM Remedies.
EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
Prepared by RICHARDSON MEDICINE CO., ST. LOUIS.

BARGAINS
—IN—
Real Estate
A FARM of 98 acres on Brush Creek, one and a half mile from Camargo. Good dwell[illegible] orchard, and well watered. All in grass ex[illegible] 5 acres.
9 LOTS on Levee pike, adjoining Water W[illegible] 50x180 feet. Nice building lots, well loca[illegible]
1 LOT 50 feet front, on Queen street, adjoin[illegible] A. T. Wood and J. G. Trimble.
HOUSE and Lot on Queen street, easy ter[illegible]
30 LOTS, 30x90 feet, on Highland Park, [illegible]joining Smithville. $10 cash and bal[illegible] $5 per month.
All the above real estate for sale at a bar[illegible] and on easy terms. Apply to
JOHN B. PHIPPS & CO.
Tyler-Apperson Building,
MT. STERLING, KY.

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AN OLD MAID'S VIEW.

KATE SANBORN ON THE JOYS AND SORROWS OF CHRISTMAS.

She Says It Should Be Exclusively a Children's Day—The Ideal Found In the Home Gathering—What an Old Bachelor Confessed.

[Copyright, 1894, by American Press Association.]

YES, for decades, centuries, eons, there has been but one authorized, stereotyped, fatiguingly uniform view of this annual festival—at least as given to us conscientiously, and with unflagging voluminosity by the universal public press—the editorials, the long, inevitable historical articles, the cheerful, moralizing appeals for general charity and good deeds, the last usually from a woman's pen, are exactly like those ground out in '84, '74, '64, '54, '44, and so on ad infinitum and ad nauseam. The lay sermons at the end of all magazines agree with these entirely in information vouchsafed, in mellow reminiscences, in rather patronizing greetings to their large clientelle. Encyclopedias are searched, the same old bits from favorite carols given. Carols are kindly explained. The "boar's head" they all bring is at last associated in a general way with the brain that so bores me that I sympathize just a little with that old tyrant, Caligula, who "wished the Roman people had but one neck that he might cut it off at a blow."

"Gallinbursti" was the name of the old original bore, not boar. Let us push him once for all "down the back entry of time" and have a little rest.

I do not believe that these facts, many of them doubtful; these quotations; these gentle lessons, so many, many times exhumed and reprinted, are even read through by any one. Why feel obliged to follow on in the same old path? I am going to dare to give another side of the subject, one that will find an answering echo in many an honest heart, for after one has arrived at middle age he or she, married or unmarried, finds the recurrence of Thanksgiving and Christmas rather sad occasions, when one must try to push away the past, shut the eyes to the dear dead faces that come up so vividly, forget oneself in making the time pass pleasantly for those whose lives are still unsullied by sin or sorrow or bitter disillusions and try to give the children as good a time as possible.

Christmas should be exclusively a children's day. Let us give it to them, who can find glowing delight in transparent myths, a few toys and bags of popcorn and bright colored sugar plums. For us grownups it has degenerated into a laborious farce that to some is approaching the tragic. Presents must be exchanged through the entire family circle, relatives expect remembrances, and especially intimate friends, not forgetting a set of claimants who only send you greeting and a cheap card, but carefully estimate the cash value of your enforced remembrance and treat you accordingly. The rich waste thousands in endeavoring to excel each other in needless trinkets, bric-a-brac, bonbons, superfluous gems, luxurious nothings, big dinners, costly wines, illustrating that text so true, yet so difficult to explain, to those less fortunate, "To him that hath shall be given," or, in everyday parlance, "The Lord gives apples to those who have no teeth." It is with such simply "a quid pro quo," and there is very little honest merriment in the system.

In big, blessed, unbroken, congenial families the ideal Christmas is often realized, where the boys and girls return with families of their own, never forgetting the old people, return loaded with gifts and goodies, and bringing the lively music of happy, satisfied hearts. But to the starved out, the repressed, who make a brave pretense of being at peace and gladsome, it is a hard part to play. In stories written expressly for such people the old lover returns faithful and fond; the generous old bachelor carries away captive the youngest, prettiest maiden of the lot. Alas! in real life the young flirt captivates the aunt's most devoted standby and laughs at the ancient bachelor who tries to be gallant.

One old bachelor confessed to me last year that he was so forlorn at the glad Yuletide that he wished he could be made unconscious until it was over. He longed to skip it and escape from its depressing horrors. As he must live right through it, however dismal the experience, he would always take the cars for a long trip, or even cross the ocean, armed with a lot of exciting novels to drive away sad thoughts. He was a fine looking, prosperous, popular fellow, and I know his generosity to others to have been unbounded. He made Christmas a day of feasting and junketing to many. All that does not cure the aching old heart.

Throw off the conventional shackles and don't try to be so terribly, so unnaturally, jovial yourself, and soon the smiles on the dear faces, as yet free from lines of care and sorrow, will be reflected way down in each lonely heart. Then we shall not have to say, with Longfellow, "How inexpressibly sad are all holidays!"

KATE SANBORN.

It is estimated that New York spends $1,500,000 for its Christmas candies.

A MYTH OF THE RHINE

VARIOUS VERSIONS OF THE ORIGIN OF CHRISTMAS TREES.

How the Custom of Decorating a Spruce Has Spread to All Christian Nations—A Legend of Martin Luther—Memories of Tiny Tapers and Sweet Surprises.

One may read in the folklore of the Rhine district of a mysterious tree that blooms only on the night before Christmas, and the old myth assures us we have only to go to a certain spot to find it all to be true. As the first authentic accounts of a Christmas gift tree are in the annals of this same Rhine neighborhood, may we not believe that the holy mystery supposed to be concealed in the blossoming tree was commemorated and perpetuated in the decoration of the Christmas spruce? At all events, it is in historical records of Strasburg from the year 1605 we first read of a real Christmas tree. The man who has left the record writes:

"During the Christmas holidays a spruce is set up in Strasburg homes, on which are hung horses of many colored paper, apples, consecrated wafers, clay cuckoos, sugar," etc.

The use of the tree spread very slowly during the 200 years following, and we next read of it in 1646 in a theological work called "Milk of the Catechism." This time it is not mentioned lovingly, but the author inveighs against its use in the home in these words:

"Among other frivolities with which more than with God's word the holy days are celebrated the Christmas spruce is found, which is set up in the houses and decorated with puppets and sweet things. Finally one shakes it, and so its blossoms fall. Whence comes this custom I know not. The whole thing is child's play. Better would it be if one allowed the children to keep holy day around that spiritual cedar tree, Christ Jesus."

Next we hear of it from the standpoint of the jurist in 1737. In a very learned treatise "On the Gifts Bestowed on Our Redeemer's Birthday" a jurist striving for position of docent at Wittenberg speaks of the candle decked Christmas tree, under whose boughs the gifts to the housefolk are spread, gifts whose justification he sees from a legal standpoint.

Late in the eighteenth century the tree was more frequently mentioned, and it was even the great Goethe who introduced it to the literary world in his "Sorrows of Werther." Goethe first saw a Christmas tree in 1765, when he was 16 years old, at the house of Theodor Korner's grandmother. He says, "It was hung with all kinds of sweets, mangers holding the Christ child, the Virgin Mary and Joseph standing beside the oxen, asses and lambs."

Do you remember Werther's visit to Lotte on the Sunday before Christmas, when he finds her alone, preparing packages of presents for her small brothers and sisters? Just as he, suspecting nothing, pours out his ecstasy over their friendship the door suddenly opens, and the Christmas tree bursts on his view, with its glimmering wax candles, its cakes and apples.

Germany's other idol, Schiller, does not himself write of any Christmas tree, but in a work by a friend of his we learn that at Christams time, 1789, he became betrothed to Lotte von Lengefeld and withdrew from an engagement to "pass the holidays under the Christmas tree" with a family in Jena in order to be with her.

The following Christmas he and his wife Lotte stood beneath a "brightly glowing tree" in their own home.

The first time the Christmas tree was enshrined in verse was in 1805, just 200 years from its first historic mention. From that year the custom of decorating a spruce at Christmas spread rapidly all over Germany until about 1830 it went over the border into France and was introduced in 1840 by Helen, duchess of Orleans, into the Tuileries. Now over 40,000 trees are decorated annually in France. The French people observe the custom with all their characteristic enthusiasm and warm piety. They have a very pretty way of protecting the roots of the tree and planting it again after the holidays are over.

The Christmas tree found its way into England through Prince Albert soon after his betrothal to Queen Victoria. A peculiar English custom is that of passing a small tree round the table after the Christmas dinner, from which each person plucks the gift previously placed there for him or her.

Nor are these the only countries to follow the Germans in their Christmas festival. In Italy, the Netherlands, Russia and Scandinavia the little ones are made happy by the blooming of the Christmas tree. Indeed an old German legend ascribes the origin of the custom to Sweden, whence it was introduced into Germany at the time of the Thirty Years' war. But this is only legendary and has no more claim to our belief than that other legend of Martin Luther taking a forest tree into his house and decking it with numerous lights to symbolize the glory of the starlit heavens.

In our own country the history of the Christmas tree is young, and although many foreigners think the only kind we have ever seen is one from which the poetic sentiment is fled, one made of iron and lighted by the pressing of a button with gas or electricity, we, who have our delightful memories of trimming the fragrant evergreen, of helping it blossom and bear fruit full of sweet surprises, and who have lighted the tiny tapers amid much merriment, not unmingled with tender awe at the thought of the starlight whose rays have beamed upon us since that first Christmas long ago—we can testify to the beauty, the poetry, the warm glowing love, surrounding our Christmas tree, which blooms perennial in our hearts long years after the mystery of hearts.—Boston Transcript.

In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected.

Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles cure—benefit comes from the very first dose—*it won't stain your teeth*, and it's pleasant to take.

It Cures

Dyspepsia, Neuralgia, Constipation, Malaria, Kidney and Liver Troubles, Bad Blood, Nervous ailments, Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutes. On receipt of two 2c. stamps we will send set of Ten Beautiful World's Fair Views and book—free.

BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

THE DELINEATOR

For January, Which Is Called the Holiday Number

Offers a table of contents that is extremely attractive and promises well for the New Year. The Fashions are illustrated and described in the usual satisfactory manner, and there is a special article appropriate for the season on Misses' and Girls' Dresses. In the College Series a new departure is made, and the description of life at the Co-educational Institutions is begun, the first article being on Cornell, from the pen of Florence M. Hodder, '91. A very readable paper by Alice McKenna treats of Women in Telephone Exchanges, and the Hygiene of the Eyes and Ears is the subject of an able contribution by A. B. Longstreet. A second instalment on Dressing Dolls appears in The Uses of Crepe and Tissue Papers, and in Venetian Iron Work are shown some very pretty and orignal designs for photograph easels to be made at home. The spirit of the time is reflected in The Display of the Shops, and among the Holiday Books; and there is an exceedingly pretty "Good-Night" Drill for Children. Seasonable Cooking is made more valuable to the housekeeper by addition of lists showing what fish, flesh fowl and vegetables are to be procured in the markets. There is advice on How to Serve Bananas, and a continuation of the articles on the Home. There are also Around the Tea-Table and Floral Work, and New Designs in Knitting, Netting, Tatting, Crocheting, Lace Making, etc.

A Little Girl's Experience in a Lighthouse.

Mr. and Mrs. Loren Trescott are keepers of the Gov. Lighthouse at Sand Beach, Mich., and are blessed with a daughter four years old. Last April she was taken down with Measles, followed with a dreadful Cough and turning into a fever. Doctors at home and at Detroit treated her, but in vain, she grew worse rapidly, until she was a mere "handful of bones".—Then she tried Dr. King's New Discovery and after the use of two and a half bottles, was completely cured. They say Dr. King's New Discovery is worth its weight in gold, yet you may get a trial free at W. S. Lloyd's drugstore.

Taxes! Taxes!! Taxes!!!

All taxes are past due and my term of office expires the first day of January, 1895. Those who do not pay in the next ten days will be levied on and must pay another additional 6 per cent. for said levy and have their property sold. I mean all who have not paid.

JNO. C. RICHARDSON, Sheriff.

December 3, 1894.

19-tf

Strayed.

I have on my farm on Donalson creek two suckling mules, one a dun horse and the other a brown mare. Owner can have them by proving property and paying charges.

George F. Gatson,
Side View, Ky.

21-2t

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

DR. J. F. KINCHELOE, Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.

ALLEN C. SMITH, *Pres.*,

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

LADIES

We invite you to call and inspect our stock of FALL AND WINTER WRAPS. This Season's purchase is the largest and best selected stock we have ever had in our house. Styles are the newest and the best, with prices and quality of material to suit all. Do not think it necessary to go to another town or city to be suited, but be assured that we can show you a great variety with styles as good and prices as reasonable as any body else. Hoping to show you through our goods, we are respectfully,

Grubbs & Hazelrigg

CHRISTMAS!

HEADQUARTERS WILL BE AT . . .

SUTTON & SMITH'S.

They will sell you good, useful articles for your friends and kinsfolks. For instance, what is nicer than a good Rocker, Bed-room Suit, Sideboard Book Case, Picture, Fancy Bric-a-Brac Music Stands, Ottoman's Leather Couch, Bed Lounges, Wagons, Velocipedes for boys, Rugs, Fur Smyrna and Moquets.

We Can Knock Them All Out in CARPETS.

We are going to close out our Carpet business, hence will give the trade Carpets at cost. Such grades as Lowell's at 52c; Keeter & Coons' at 50c; all-wool and best quality Cotton Chains at 35c, and down to 25c. This is an opportunity of your life for Carpets. Brussels from 50c up.

SUTTON & SMITH.

Neatest JOB WORK at the ADVOCATE office.

DO YOU WANT TO BUY A HOUSE, A COW,
A FARM,
A HORSE,
A HOUSE,
A TOWN LOT,
CORN, OATS, HAY,

Or anything that a man has to buy or sell. Place an advertisement in the ADVOCATE, and find a purchaser or a seller.

COURT DIRECTORY.

CIRCUIT COURT.

Judge E. COOPER presiding Third Monday in January and the Second Monday in April and First Monday in September.

MONTGOMERY QUARTERLY COURT.

JUDGE LEWIS APPERSON presiding, Tuesday after Third Monday in January, April, July and October.

COUNTY COURT.

Third Monday of each month.

MT. STERLING CITY COURT.—CIVIL BRANCH.

JUDGE JAMES W. GROVES presiding, First Saturday in each month.

PROFESSIONAL.

JOHN M. ELLIOTT,
Attorney-at-Law,
Mt. Sterling, Ky.
Office, 14 Court Street, First Floor.

J. M. OLIVER,
Attorney-at Law and Surveyor,
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All collections and real estate transactions or anything concerning the same promptly attended to, and abstracts of titles given when desired. Office, Court Street, opposite Court House.

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M. S. Tyler. Lewis Apperson
TYLER & APPERSON,
Attorneys-at-law.
Office, Tyler-Apperson building, Mt. Sterling, Ky

A. B. WHITE,
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Will practice in the counties of Montgomery Bath, Menifee, Powell, Clark and Bourbon, and the Superior and Appellate Courts. Office on Court St., opposite Court House.

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Mt. Sterling, Ky.
Office over Mt. Sterling National Bank.

DR. HOWARD VAN ANTWERP,
Dentist,
Office with Dr. Wm. Van Antwerp, Short street opposite the court house.

H. CLAY McKEE,
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Experience, and charges reasonable. Address me at Mt. Sterling, Ky.

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School Books

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No Fancy Prices.

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Fine Tobaccoes.

ADOCATE PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Thursday, January 3, 1895

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

For Railroad Commissioner.

We are authorized to announce John C. Wood as a candidate for Railroad Commissioner, for the Eastern District of Kentucky, subject to the action of the Republican party.

Mt. Sterling has again been disgraced, and what little there is left of her good name for law and order, has again been dragged in the dust. Great God, how long are such things to be endured! It is not possible for us thus to sow to the wind and not reap the whirlwind of disgrace and dishonor. Every such exhibition of lawlessness is an open insult to our courts of justice and all constituted authority. It goes for nothing to say the victim was thoroughly unfit to live and richly deserved the fate he met. Let him be as bad as he may, still the men who compassed his death are none the less murderers, and his blood cries out to an offended and openly defied law for vengeance. He was a prisoner in the hands of the law awaiting his punishment decreed by that law, and the peace and dignity of the commonwealth has been ruthlessly set at defiance by men without the fear of God's law or man's enactments before their eyes. We are disgraced, dishonored, degraded, steeped in shame and made a hissing and a by-word by such deeds of foul infamy. Look, you men, who would apologize for or abet such deeds of open defiance of the law made to protect each one of us in our rights of life and property, that you do not live to bitterly rue such contempt of constituted authority. Such deeds are barbarous. The doings of such things brand us but one remove from the savage.

We need an awakening of an enlightened public opinion that will force the courts of the commonwealth, judges and juries to do their whole duty. This is the remedy. But so long as lawyers can be BOUGHT to suborn perjury, and judges can be INFLUENCED to shut their eyes to the plain letter of the law, and sheriffs can be PERSUADED to select juries to render a verdict, they have already made and the good people of the community stand indifferently by and raise no open protest against such violence done against justice, we may only expect these things. A lawyer is sworn to look faithfully after the best interests of his clients, but he is none the less a perjured scoundrel, when he lends himself to what he knows is subornation of perjury in order to compass the acquittal of that client. The judge upon the bench who has not the moral backbone to observe his oath and give the law as he knows it stands on the statue books, but must needs hunt for some technicality, in order to give the miscrant, whose case is before him, the opportunity to be turned loose to prey still further upon society, be he upon the Circuit or Appellate bench, should save himself from a deserved perjurer's hell by vacating that office at once. But the fault does not lie so much with the courts, the seat of the trouble lies in a maudlin sympathy for the murderer that is so prevalent among the people. Judges, sheriffs, jurors and lawyers are only men and when they know they will be called to a strict account before the bar of public opinion they will not be slow to give a very sensitive attention to the will of the people The remedy is to be found in an awakened public conscience. There is nothing that a man so dreads as that his evil deeds shall be made the subject of public scrutiny. It takes a long and very successful career of infamy for a man to pronounce himself as so secure in his villainies that he can say, "the public be d—d." There is a fearful day of reckoning not for off for Montgomery county unless we bring up with a sharp turn. In the name of the people of the State, the grand jury soon to sit, is called upon to sift this last crime, together with other infamies said to be existing in our midst, to the very bottom, and if possible bring the perpetrators to a realizing sense of how far they have transgressed against society.

Two United States Senators are to be chosen at the next meeting of the Wyoming Legislature. One to succeed Joseph M. Carey and the other to fill the vacancy made by the failure of the Legislature to appoint a successor to Francis E. Warren two years ago.

Mr. Harry L. Means, of the Kentucky News Bureau, is confined to his bed with typhoid fever.

The hanging of Thomas Blair on Tuesday morning was a foul murder. That he deserved death for the part he took in the killing of Captain Bomar, we are not called on now to discuss. Even if he did, the men who took his execution in hand were not licensed to mete out death to him. But this is not the worst of this miserable affair. It is broadly suspected that that the motive assigned was only a pretext and that the real motive was not disclosed. Let the motive be because some parties were afraid of him and wanted him out of the way, or because some of Captain Bomar's friends determined to wreak vengence for his murder, the crime was a foul one. If ten or fifteen men are licensed to try, condemn and execute a man for a crime of which the courts had not said he was guilty, how long will it be till these, or some other ten or fifteen men, shall feel called upon to resolve themselves into a court, try, condemn and execute, dear reader, you, your son or your brother.

Dissolution Notice.

The firm of Greene, Clay & Chenault will be dissolved by mutual consent February 1, 1895, Messrs. Lucien B. Greene and J. Will Clay retiring. In order to close up our business it is necessary that those indebted to us come forward at once and pay what they are owing us. The business will be continued by Messrs. Carroll Chenault and Richard Punch, and the retiring members of the firm most cordially commend these gentlemen to the friends of Greene, Clay & Chenault and to the public generally, as in the highest sense entitled to their confidence and custom. Again we respectfully urge those indebted to us to call promptly and close their accounts. Thanking our friends for the liberal custom we have received at their hands, we are

Respectfully,

GREENE, CLAY & CHENAULT.

The Exchange Bank of Kentucky.

Read the statement of the financial condition of the Exchange Bank presented to our readers by the Cashier, Judge H. R. French. The semi-annual dividend of 3 per cent. and the other items show an earning the last six months of $7,377.70. The bank is in a condition to make its stockholders feel very comfortable, and no one acquainted with those thorough business men who are entrusted with its management will feel any uneasiness about its continued prosperity.

When Others Fail

Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up the shattered system by giving vigorous action to the digestive organs, creating an appetite and purifying the blood. It is prepared by modern methods, possesses the greatest curative powers, and has the most wonderful record of actual cures of any medicine in existence. Take only Hood's.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or gripe.

Mr. John P. Martin, of Xenia, Ohio, is in the city. He wants to put in a new Electric plant and the Water Works, and if the city will be liberal with him in granting him the lighting contract, both plants will be put in right away. We are glad we have an enterprising board of Councilmen and believe they will be liberal in their dealings. These plants we must have, now is the opportunity, and no set of men know it better than the men who have the interests of the city in charge. We have the best business city, to the square foot, in Kentucky and this year we look for greater advancement than ever before. These plants will bring others. Let us have them.

Ed Mitchell, the Hardware Man, advertises in this issue. He expects to reach the trade and everybody whose wants are from a box of tacks to a threshing machine. His books and invoice show a large trade for 1894, and expects to increase it this year. Look for his advertisement in every issue. It will interest you.

Greater Inducements

We shall expect to close out our line of gent's furnishings by February 1 We want every article to be sold and in order to do this we will sell them at cost. They are fresh goods and are the latest patterns.

Very Respectfully,

GREENE, CLAY & CHENAULT.

Mr. L. E. Griggs, of Waco, who was in the field for Trimble Bros' Wholesale Grocery some last year will be with them again this year and they will add a third man in a few days.

IVORY SOAP

IVORY

IT FLOATS

BEST FOR SHIRTS.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO. CIN'TI.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Grassy Lick.

The Many friends of the ADVOCATE wish it a happy New Year.

Misses Gracey Moberly and Mary Mason left Tuesday for Millersburg school.

Rev. J. P. Ross and wife spent the holidays with the family of A. Orear.

Several parties have taken advantage of the fine ice season and filled their houses.

A. W. Stofer received fourth premium on tobacco at Lexington Exposition last week.

Miss Marion Haddon spent the holidays at home, and has returned to her school at Paris.

J. C. Ramsey and wife, of Winchester, spent the holidays with the family of J. H. Mason.

Miss Alice Gifford is seriously sick and expected to live but a few days, at the home of her step-father, Mr. Cliff Bush.

Dr. C. Pope, of Millersburg, will hold the second quarterly meeting at Grassy Lick the second Saturday and Sunday in January for Rev. J. Rand.

A. Orear met with a painful accident last week. While feeding corn to some cattle from a basket, one of them struck him with its horn in the eye. It was first thought that the sight was lost.

The young folks are having a good time attending parties and sleigh riding, driving four horses. Mr. John Hunt is an expert driver and can handle eight as well as four. Henry Green says Mr. Hunt drove sixteen for two years when he was with Barnum's show.

For Rent.

A good business house on South Maysville street. Apply to H. Clay McKee.

The amount of collections reported by the officers of the city at the council meeting Tuesday night aggregates in taxes and licences about $10,500.

Right Arm Paralyzed!

Saved from St. Vitus Dance.

"Our daughter, Blanche, now fifteen years of age, had been terribly afflicted with nervousness, and had lost the entire use of her right arm. We feared St. Vitus dance, and tried the best physicians, with no benefit. She has taken three bottles of Dr. Miles' Nervine and has gained 31 pounds. Her nervousness and symptoms of St. Vitus dance are entirely gone, she attends school regularly, and has recovered complete use of her arm, her appetite is splendid."

MRS. R. R. BULLOCK, Brighton, N. Y.

Dr. Miles' Nervine Cures.

Dr. Miles' Nervine is sold on a positive guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. All druggists sell it at $1, 6 bottles for $5, or it will be sent, prepaid, on receipt of price by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

BID the NEW YEAR welcome and let the OLD YEAR go, and shed no hypocritical tears at his departure, for he goes the very picture of gristly Care, with a pack-horse load of sins—National, Municipal and Individual—on his stooping shoulders. Farewell! A long farewell to thee, O, Frosty Bearded '94! May thy counterpart ne'er again be met with in this vale of "railroad strikes," "thug politicians," "tariff tinkerers," "sugar trust scandals," "populistic fantasies," "Carlisle crudities," and "Republican landslides." We cannot write thy obituary, because such writing is but the COINING of tears and sorrow into words, and SUCH COIN would not pass current even in these hard times, but would be pronounced at once the BASEST COUNTERFEITS by the most inexperienced.

SO let the OLD YEAR go, and give a hearty welcome to the bright and smiling youngster, who comes with "business prosperity" boldly printed on his grip-sack. Get out of Despondency's slough, and be ready like the desert ship (so called) to HUMP yourself, for there is music of "the good times coming" in the air, and we are helping to make this ANIMATING MUSIC. Will you CONTRIBUTE to the BAND? Will you join WITH US in the gay procession? Are you tired of hard times, high prices, shortages in weights and measure, poor quality of goods and still poorer service? If so, we HONESTLY BELIEVE the penacea for all your ills is to get a move on yourself, and trade hereafter with

THE CHILES-THOMPSON GROCERY CO.

The Mt. Sterling National Bank.

This well-known institution presents to-day its forty first semi-annual statement to its stockholders. The history of this popular corporation institution has been one to which its officials can point with pride. The bank declared a semi-annual dividend of 4 per cent. and shows to its stockholders and depositors how well they are secured. Mr. Pierce Winn, the present Cashier, is pardonably proud of the splendid statement he is able to make to the people, and for him we ask a careful perusal of it.

Our present City Council have a way of dispatching business. The councilmen have their minds made up on all propositions and they decide matters without quibbling.

Poultry.

Pure-bred Bronze Turkeys and Plymouth Rock chickens for sale by J. T. Henry, of Grassy Lick, Ky.

21-10t

Lost.

A liver colored setter pup, 9 months old, white breast and white on the tip of his toes. Lost about three weeks ago. Any information will be thankfully received.

JOHN B. PHIPPS.

Mrs. Jennie Gatewood has rented 246 acres of land to Robert Tipton for $1,200.

To Loan or to Borrow.

I want to loan $6,500 on first mortgage on farm property for three years.

I want to borrow $5,500 on city property worth $15,000 or more. Will pay [illegible] cent. interest, payable semi-annually.

A. HOFFMAN, Agent.

Bring your job work to this office.

At Cost For Cash Only.

My stock of MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS at cost all this week, for CASH. Illustrated Gift Books, Novels, Poems, Sets of Books, etc. Call and look at them.

...ectfully,

... KENNEDY,
...e Leading Druggist
a... Book-Seller.
Mt. Sterling, Ky.

WE are very thankful indeed for the patronage received the past year, and ask our friends to remember us in the future. We will give you one hundred cents for every dollar you spend with us, and no one can appreciate your kindness more than we will.

Our large stock will be increased, and every want will be met. Again thanking you, we remain

Yours Resp't,
ED. MITCHELL,
The Hardware Man.

James Johnson, a sixteen-year-old boy of Morehead, drowned himself Dec. 31, on account of some fancied ill treatment by his aunt, who keeps house for his father.

What if I should Die To-night?

Have I

Done my duty to my family?
Made them safe from the pangs of want?
Made arrangements to meet all my debts?
Provided a future home for my children?
Provided means to educate my children?
Provided against the cold charity of the world?
Provided for old age?
Provided for long sickness?
Provided for death?
Provided for funeral expenses?
Insured my life?

If Not,

...sure at once with W. C. HOFF-... Special Agent of "THE NATIONAL ...NCE CO," which company writes the most liberal contract of any other.

STRANGLED!

A MOB TAKES THOS. BLAIR FROM THE JAIL

AND HANGS HIM TO THE COAL ROAD TRESTLE.

Mt. Sterling Again Disgraced By An Exhibition of Utter Disregard For Law.

A BRUTAL AFFAIR.

The New Year was ushered in at Mt. Sterling by the terrible spectacle of the body of a man swaying, in answer to the bitter winter blasts, between heaven and earth, his life having been rudely and ruthlessly taken by a mob. Thomas Blair came to this place on Thursday on the 5 p. m. train. In a few hours he had gone to a disreputable house, shot at a man named Day, came to Mrs. Stevens' boarding house, raised a disturbance there, and finally was proceeding to break up a negro dance when the marsha's of the city brought him up with a short turn and placed him in jail to sober down for awhile. About 2 o'clock on Tuesday morning Jailer Best, who has a sleeping room attached to the office of the jail, was aroused from sleep by three or four masked men who seized him, thrust their pistols in his face and demanded the keys to the jail. They soon discovered them under his pillow and lost no time in turning them over to the mob outside. They at once passed into the jail, and finding the object of their search asleep on a mattress in the hall seized him. Lewis Moore, "Fly Lick," was the only other prisoner who was not locked in a cell. He says there were twelve or fourteen men in the jail, that they went to Blair's bed and proceeded to tie him before he was fairly awake, and that at some show of resistance on Blair's part, one of the mob struck him on the head with a slung shot. That one of the mob said: "D—— you, you are not killing Bomar now. Come on with us." Blair had on his pants, vest and socks, and they did not wait to allow him to dress further, but hurried him to the Coal Road Trestle, over the Camargo pike and hung him. When the people awoke on New Year's morning the gresome spectacle sent a thrill of horror into the hearts of all who saw the dangling body with its distorted features. Esquire Henry Jones acted as coroner and had the body taken down, and to it was found fastined a paper upon which was written in a bold but plainly disguised hand the following:

"We find Thomas Blair guilty of the murder of Captain J. L. Bomar, and hang him this January 1st, 1895, to avenge the rights of law abiding citizens.

FRIENDS OF CAPT. J. L. BOMAR."

Thomas Blair first became generally known to our citizens, when about the first of February last he took part in the killing of Capt. J. L. Bomar. The particulars of this deplorable affair are still fresh in the minds of most of our readers. It will be remembered that Blair and John McKenzie were in town that day and were walking up the street with H. Clay Turner when Bomar came up and opened fire on Turner. All three replied to Bomar's fire, Turner and Blair doing most of the shooting. The tragedy occured at the corner of Broadway and Court streets, just in front of the Court House door. Bomar fell dead under the fire. All three escaped punishment, though much indignation was manifested against Blair and McKenzie for their part in the affray. But as a year, nearly, had passed few supposed there was sufficient feeling to bring about such a manifestation of brutality as was presented to us on New Year's morning. Blair is a married man and his wife and child were staying at his brother-in-law's house near town, on the Levee pike.

No new facts were developed at the Coroner's inquest. Many express the belief that there were other reasons than the one assigned for the acrion of the mob.

Blair may have deserved his fate, fate, but that does not justify a resort to mob violence and all good people who value peace and order and have a regard for law should lend their utmost aid in ferreting out the perpetrators of the outrage. We have courts established for the purpose of punishing offenses, and if we will give to our officials that prompt sympathy and cheerful countenance that is their due, there will be a lessening of this deplorable mob spirit that is so plainly manifest among a certain class.

We have no kind of doubt but that the Judge of our Circuit Court will instruct the incoming grand jury to look very closely into this matter and if possible present indictments against those who by their acts are saying to the world that he and his officials are unwilling or incapable of doing their duty. Never was there a time in the history of the county when it was needful for every true man to stand up for the majesty and dignity of law, and to give to the judge and other officials of the court a manly backing in their efforts to put down lawlessness in our midst.

Master Commissioner A. W. Young has moved his office into the Bryan building on Short street.

Prof. J. W. McGarvey, of Lexington, will fill the pulpit at the Christian church next Sunday morning in the absence of the pastor.

The holiday trade in Mt. Sterling was enormous. The leading houses report their business far in advance of preceeding years. Everybody is looking forward to a big business this year.

Elder W. T. Tibbs will fill the pulpit at the Methodist church Sunday morning in the absence of the pastor, Rev. C J. Nugent, who goes to Ell Bethel to fill Presiding Elder Rand's appointment. No service in the evening.

Hugh Boardman has accepted a position with the wholesale grocery firm of Trimble Bros., and will be on the road with his sample case filled with goods to suit the trade. Mr. Boardman is an active, pushing man, just the kind to make a successful traveling salesman.

Mr. Joe M. Smith has traded 14 acres of land on Hinkston creek for a house and lot on Richmond avenue and will take possession March 1st, after making sale of stock and crop. Joe is one of our best citizens and we will gladly welcome him to the city.

Captain and Mrs. J. W. Jenkins, of Covington, mourn the loss of their beautiful little daughter, Ollie. The little one died of whooping cough on Sunday evening, and Monday night her remains were brought to this place for interment. Mrs. Jenkins was Miss Annie Senieur and her host of friends mourn with her in the loss of her darling.

Blood Poison

After Approach of Death, New Life by Taking Hood's.

Mr. Wm. E. Greenholts
Baltimore, Md.

"For four years I was in intense suffering with an abscess on my thigh. It discharged freely and several times

Pieces of Bone Came Out.

Last February I had to take my bed for four weeks, and then it was I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I soon got on my feet, but was very weak and went to the Maryland University hospital, where they said my trouble was chronic blood poisoning and gave me little hope. I returned home and continued taking Hood's. I have used six bottles and the abscess has entirely disappeared, and I have been in

Fine Health Ever Since.

I know if it had not been for Hood's Sarsaparilla I should be in my grave. I have gained in weight from 147 a year ago to 170 pounds to-day.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

I praise Hood's Sarsaparilla for it all." WM. E. GREENHOLTZ, 1812 Hanover St., Baltimore, Md.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, billousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

Begin the New Year by Buying Your

GROCERIES

From

A. BAUM & SON.

21 E. MAIN ST.,
MT. STERLING, KY.

They carry the largest stock and sell

Best Goods at Lowest Prices!

A call is requested.

Lightning Hot Drops—
What a Funny Name!
Very True, but it Kills All Pain.
Sold Everywhere. Every Day—
Without Relief, There is No Pay

To Loan.

$6,500 to loan on first mortgage on farm property for three years. Will loan it all in one sum or will divide in two sums. If you want the money quick see A. HOFFMAN, Agent.

There having been a change in our firm, it becomes necessary that our business be closed at once. We have decided to make the limit February 1, and every person indebted to us must arrange to settle by that day.

GREENE, CLAY & CHENAULT.

1895.

*

WITH gratitude I return my thanks to my many patrons for their liberal patronage. My business even through the hard times, has been beyond my most sanguine expectations. I buy in large lots when my demands justify, and in 1895 I hope to do better than in the past. Again thanking you for your liberal patronage, I am very respectfully,

W. W. REED,
South Maysville St.

BRONCHINI
THE GREAT COUGH CURE

CURES COUGHS COLDS BRONCHITIS CROUP LUNG FEVER CONSUMPTION INFLUENZA AND ALL DISEASES OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS

For sale by THOS. KENNEDY, Druggist,
EAST MAIN STREET, - MT. STERLING, KY.

Manufacturing Jeweler | Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Fine Plated Ware.
A Specialist in Fitting Glasses.
REPAIRING BY SKILLED MEN.
The Place to Buy Holiday Presents! THE BEST GOODS FOR THE LEAST MONEY
VOCTOR BOGAERT, 17 East Short Street, LEXINGTON, KY.

WHO. . . .
DOES YOUR INSURING?
FIRE, LIFE, TORNADO, ACCIDENT.

WHY . . . .
CAN'T WE DO IT?
STRONG COMPANIES, EXPERIENCED UNDERWRITERS.

J. G. & R. H. WINN,
MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE. | 14 COURT PLACE
Mt. Sterling, Ky.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

Draw up the chair about the logs
That sparkle bright and gay;
That in quaint flowers on the wall
In madcap frolic play.
Oh, toss all sorrow to the winds,
For this is Christmas day.

What if the chilly winds without
About the chimney blow
And high against the frosted panes
Make minarets of snow
When Christmas cheer this cozy nest
With comfort sets aglow!

The happy child upon the floor,
With feelings luscious ripe,
Plays with the red toy animal
Of curious spot or stripe
While deep within his little heart
The birds of springtime pipe.

He roams beneath his loaded tree
Beside the inglenook,
Alive with candies, blocks and drums

And many a picture book
From dear old Santa Claus, who came
Last night—but hush—oh, look!

Here comes the plump and luscious goose
So savory and brown,
A golden promise on a dish,
Our cares and fears to drown,
And place on our triumphant brows
A rich though fleeting crown.

Come, let us carve him while he's hot
And breathing fumes of spice,
And pile the pungent stuffing high
Upon each juicy slice,
And in dream shallops lightly drift
Through flowery paradise.

And afterward we'll light our pipes
While twilight shades appear,
And when we break the wishbone frail,
Amid the blazing cheer,
Let him who wins wish for us all
A happy, glad New Year.

A CHRISTMAS QUEEN.

BY MARTHA M'CULLOCH WILLIAMS.

[Copyright, 1894, by the Author.]

Aunt Charlotte came sturdily across the Lee plantation. The fields were all sere, as became mid-December. Yet in the flower garden roses, pansies and chrysanthemums were rapidly unfolding in the warm, slow rain, rather ragged and discolored, to be sure, but flowers for all that.

"Dem's de ve'y tings fer dressin up de table," Aunt Charlotte muttered to herself as she scudded betwixt the borders and on to the back porch. Before she could knock, the hall door opened, and Mrs. Lee called out:

"Howd'y, Aunt Charlotte? Come right in my room to the fire. You'll catch your death yet, running about so in bad weather. Sit down and dry your feet while you tell me all the news."

Aunt Charlotte stuck her torn, muddy shoes toward the blazing logs, fetched a sort of groaning sigh and said: "La, Miss Ma'y, you know I never hears no news, but dey nor'ated it at church meeting 'istiddy dat ole lady Brantley wus metty low wid de brownskeeters, an ole Miss Calishaw's Flo'ence had done runned off an married dat Dodd boy."

"Well, well, she has driven her ducks to a bad market. Girls are so foolish. Oh, did you hear from old Mr. Pegram? I am told he was badly hurt last week."

"Yessum; he clumb up de stable lof', huntin fer de boyses jug er licker, an fell through on dat young mule, an de critter kicked him. So de doctor say de spine er he back is querrelized."

"Dear me! You don't say so!" Mrs. Lee returned.

For an hour the talk slipped along the channels of local gossip. Aunt Charlotte knew there was nothing like tidbits of news to put Miss Ma'y in good humor. Whatever happened in ten miles around was reported, with enlargement and variations, at the colored church. Besides Aunt Charlotte herself was outdoor laundress for some half dozen families, so of course knew all about them. When her feet were dry, she got up, picked her sunbonnet from the floor and said, balancing herself on one foot:

"Well, I mus' be goin. Miss Ma'y, is you got any gole paper?"

"Let me see. Yes, I think—I know I have. Do you want some? Are they going to have another Christmas tree at the church?"

"Yessum—no'm. I does wants some, but 'tain't fer no Chrismus tree. Dey done had so many er dem, an fesservuls, an May suppers, an so on, de folks is tired on um. Mist' Pasco, de teacher at de free school, is metty high larnt. He been one session ter de Frisk nunniversity, up hat Nashville, so de church call on him ter pervent um somp'n new. Arter, 'ole um dey mus' have er queen er [illegible]mus."

"[illegible]ed? That is something new. Tell me all about it."

"I ain't zactly got de whole thing straight yit, but fur es I kin make out my Meely—dey choosed her fer queen—is gwine be dressed up in white, wid er crown on, an red shoes, an set up on er cheer on top de teacher's table, wid er big stripe-ed shawl all hangin down ter de flo', an de schoolchilluns is ter come up 'fore her an say dey speeches—'bout de boy stood on de burnin deck, an twinkle, twinkle, little stars, an de reaper whose name is debt, an all dem yothers. Den dey gwine have di-logs fer the big chilluns, an arter dat all de young men will march an sing around her, an she ha' ter choose one on 'em fer king. Dat's whut gits Meely whar de wool's short. You know she ain't forard lek de yother gals."

"No; Meely's a good girl—the best I know. Is that all?"

"Oh, no'm. Dey gwine have er supper, sot in de schoolhouse eend er de church. Dat'll be 50 cents an eat all you wants er barbecue an pie. De church don't git none er dat; hit all goes ter dem wha' 'vides de vittels. But the side table whar dey gwine sell cake an candy an reasons an oringes an seegyars will be all fer de paschure sal'ry. 'Sides dat he git de dime at de do' too. De church owes him $40, an dey had ter promus ter git up somp'n would make it fer him Chrismus, 'fore he'd 'gree ter baptize any er dem las' converts. He 'lowed his body wus des as well wuth savin as dey souls, an he wasn't gwine ruint his las' suit er clothes in de water 'dout he had de inshorance er gittin money ter buy mo'."

"I see. Does it come off Christmas eve?"

"Oh, no'm. Hit's gwine be Saddy night in Chrismus. De yother churches an school 'tainments will be through by den, so we git er big crowd. De s'ciety from town—de Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise, say dey comin out ter see how us country niggers does, an I wants ter 'stonish um good one time sho."

"You want me to help you?"

"Yessum; I be metty proud ef you will. I got three dozen eggs. Ef you des let me heve de sugar an butter an flour, I'll make two cakes fer de side table an bake um in your big rosepans. An I thought maybe you'd len me de money ter git Meely's dress an shoes, an make de crown fer her, an len me you buggy blankit ter go over de cheer. Ef you will, hit'll be er mighty big 'commerdation."

"Has Meely outgrown the white dress I made her last summer?"

"No'm, but hit's been washed. 'Sides hit nuver wus nothin but swiss muslin. Now she got ter have tarlton. Teacher say queens don't nuver w'ar nothin else, an nuver puts one on dey back but des de one time. Hit's boun ter be right new."

"You had better get her yellow shoes. She can wear them afterward."

"Teacher say dey mus' be red—dat's what de town niggers will be spectin, an dey shan't have no scuse ter laugh ef I can help it."

"You want me to make the dress?"

"Yessum, ef you will."

"And the crown?"

"Ain't nobody but you would do it fer me."

"Do you want it like this?" showing a picture of a royal diadem.

"No'm," said Aunt Charlotte. "De chilluns is gwine w'ar silver ones when dey say dey speeches an Mist' Pasco he made um one fer er pattren. Hit's des er ban big 'nough to go on de head, wid sharp p'ints stannin up around de top. Meely's mus' be dat way, too, only gole an bigger."

"H-m-m! Is that all you want?"

"Yessum—'ceptin 'tis dem flowers out yonder in de gyarden. An I'll sweep de yard, an make your soap in de springtime, an irun all Miss Lucy's nice clothes next summer."

"I know you will, you blessed Aunt Charlotte," said Miss Lucy Lee, running in with her arms full of finery. "And Meely shall be as fine as Friday in this tarlatan dress of mine—I've only worn it once—and a red sash and stock-

"IS YOU GOT ANY GOLE PAPER?"

ings as well as the shoes. And her crown shall have 17 tiny sharp points to it, one for each year of her life and mine. You know we were born the same day, and have grown up just the same size."

Aunt Charlotte beamed all over.

"God love you, Miss Lucy! You is one good child. I wus thinkin 'bout dat dress all de way ober here—studyin up how I could git it. If your foots des wan't so little dat Meely couldn't git mo'n her big toe in your shoes, I'd ax you fer dem white slippers and let de red stockin's do."

"Oh, she shall have shoes—never fear!" Lucy said, holding the sash to the light. "But how will she get to church without spoiling them? It's a mile from your house, and the mud will be knee deep. You know it always rains a week when the wind is in the south."

"Yessum, hit's gwine be bad. Dey done 'cided at church meetin dat Meely mus' dress in de clostes' house dar an den come out, an be sot up in er no top buggy, an have eight er de big boys pull her up ter de church do'. Den Mist' Pasco, he gwine take her outen hit an tote her up de aisle an set her in de cheer on de table."

Lucy laughed aloud. Her mother frowned and said, a trifle sharply:

"I would not allow that, Charlotte. Meely is no child."

Aunt Charlotte looked at the floor in meek obstinacy.

"Dey tells me queens don't walk none 'tall," she said, "an de buggy cain't git no nigher 'an de do'."

"Then let two of the big girls make a bee saddle and tote her. That won't look half so bad as to see Pasco lugging her like an old cat does her kitten," Mrs. Lee said, still sharply.

"It's the hugging, not the lugging, ma objects to," Lucy said through her laughing, "but that does not matter. I believe Mr. Pasco wants to marry Meely."

"He do," said Meely's mother, "but she done sot her min on dat ar' owdacious Pete Meacham, who've got no 'ligion 'tall, is des always whistlin reels an potillions an singin 'bout

"Oh, Master Rabbit, yo' years mighty long.
Yes, my dear, dey are sot on wrong.

Dat's what make me try so hard ter git her fix up nice fer dis yere time. I'm gwine git all de things an den tell 'er she cain't have um 'dout she'll 'gree ter take Mist' Pasco."

Lucy's eyes flashed, but before she could speak her mother said:

"Well, I hope you'll succeed, but it does seem to me that when a girl sets her heart on a trifling, no account fellow there is no use trying to change it. I didn't know Meely was like the rest, but I'll help you all I can."

"So will I," said Lucy, running away, with scarlet cheeks. Meely's case was her own. Bert Wilmer had her heart and her troth plight; rich Dave Allen, the backing of her parents. Possibly it was this fellow feeling that made her so wondrous kind to Meely. Possibly also the fact that Pete had been postman for the lovers ever since Bert was forbidden the Lee house had something to do with the case.

Then, too, the Lees were a habitual providence to the poor blacks about them. Love for the merry, careless, simple-shrewd race was in their blood, comprehension likewise. They saw under the grotesque extravagance of the "queen of Christmas" a germ of self reliance and furthered it accordingly.

When at last it came to pass, Lucy, with her brother and a dozen more young folks, stood outside and looked on through the window back of the pulpit. The church was a big log structure, lit with kerosene lamps in flaring tin reflectors, and fairly crammed with dark humanity.

Besides the country negroes for miles around the Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise were out in full regalia, a hundred strong. Each brother wore a red sash crossing his breast, with a tin star over the heart, a green apron turned up with yellow, and a blue and white rosette upon the left lapel. Each sister was gorgeous in a purple cape, a long white, freely ruffled apron, deep red sash about the waist and orange turban with green plumes. They marched to their allotted places, droning out a weird, wordless chant, and vainly tried to maintain an attitude of solemn criticism. The crowd was dotted with smiling familiar faces, the savory scent of barbecue was in the air, and Brudder Paschure, otherwise the Rev. Mr. Barker, shook hands up and down the benches with a fervor that almost set them shouting.

Presently the deacons hustled and squeezed the crowd back from the aisle, and Mr. Pasco came through with Meely in his arms. She was a slim slip of a girl, but he staggered under her weight and would have fallen when mounting to her chair throne if Pete Meacham had not sprung forward and relieved him of his burden.

"Umph! My Lord! I wouldn't have dat nigger fer soap grease ef he cain't tote no better'n dat!" exclaimed the foremost Daughter of I Will Arise, while one of the country lads murmured: "Lordy! Wouldn't I des lek ter see 'im put 'ginst Pete at er log rollin! He done stay dar in dat school'ouse twell he ain't no stronger'n er skeeter."

Meely reached her throne about equally crumpled in clothes and feelings. While the speeches and dialogues went on she sat trembling and half blind, only kept from running incontinently away by the knowledge that her mother's eye was on her. She knew what was expected of her—that she would choose Mr. Pasco as king—and she hated him so! If only she might choose Pete! But he would not be in the line. Aunt Charlotte had managed to have him left out. After he put her in the chair he sat down on the pulpit floor back of it,

SENT HIM SPRAWLING TO THE FLOOR.

where the drapery hid him from the crowd, but let him look his fill at her. That was her only consolation. If they tried to make her bodily over to Mr. Pasco, he was close at hand, and Miss Lucy and Marse Bert looking in at the window, ready to give him countenance for her protection.

At last the march began. Two by two, a man and woman, they came into the small clear space before her and moved around singing:

My Lord called Sister Marthy.
Sister Marthy would not answer.
Sister Marthy's into de gyarden,
Talkin erbout my Lord.

Five minutes of slow, heavy stamping; then came a wild whirl to

Dar war ban's o' music,
Dar war ban's o' music,
Dar war ban's o' music
Rumblin fro' de sky.

Then the words died away to a wild groaning shriek, with a tempest of footfalls under it. The marchers formed a wheel with the women in the center and whirled at top speed in front of and up to the poor distracted queen. The pastor came, too, with an oily smile, and put his buggy whip in her hand, saying: "Now, Miss Permeely, hit your king and lemme set him down up yere 'side you. Hit is not good fer 'ooman ter be erlone, de Scripture says. Now, shet your eyes an hit de nex' who-'er passes." With that he seemed to release the whip, yet adroitly flung the lash around Pasco's neck. Instantly there went up a great laughing shout, and by the time Meely had drawn one sobbing breath the teacher was beside her, holding her hand. The preacher had drawn a book and a folded paper from his pocket and was beginning to read that the document authorized him to solemnize matrimony betwixt Cæsar Augustus Pasco and Pamela Mills.

Out from the wonder stricken crowd came a shrill cry: "O-o-o! you vilyun! I hain't dead yet!"

The next minute a small and vicious looking Daughter of I Will Arise streamed up to the throne, clutched the royal bridegroom and shaking him till his teeth chattered cried out: "I married dis yere slab sided, low down, no 'count triflin fly up de creek two years ergo, up to Nashville, an took in washin ter spote 'im so he might go ter school an git book sense ernough ter be er preacher. An dis is whut I gits fer it. Fine um yere tryin ter marry er gal 'at don' 'ant um an does 'ant somebody else. I been knowin ever sence he runned away he was mean as gar broth thickened wid tadpoles, but I never did thought he'd come quite ter sech er pass as dis."

Mr. Barker put on his most judicial aspect. Pasco's countenance betrayed his guilt. Nevertheless the minister asked:

"Is this woman your wife, Brother Pasco?"

"I married her once, but I was a minor then, and I propose to get me a divorce next spring—as soon, in fact, as school is out," Mr. Pasco said, calling all his grammar to his aid.

"Den you better wait till you git it 'fore you try ter marry agin," Pete Meacham said, catching his rival round the waist and sending him sprawling on the floor. Then he gathered the sobbing Meely in his arms and turned to face the preacher, saying: "Mr. Paschure, my boss is got license for me ter marry dis same little gal. Git um from him, please, an tie de knot right yere. I wus gwine steal her as we went home, but I don't wanter take no mo' risks er losin 'er."

Then a wonderful thing happened. The party outside came in and stood in a half circle, back of Pete and Meely, until they were made one, when a grave gentleman, whom nobody quite knew, stepped in front of Bert Wilmer and Lucy Lee, and in less time than it takes to write it they had likewise entered the holy estate of matrimony. Pete and his boss, it seemed, had planned a double runaway. The happenings of the evening only precipitated the crisis.

Aunt Charlotte and Mrs. Lee in time became reconciled to their sons-in-law, but the church meeting has never yet ventured upon another queen of Christmas.

THE GAME OF SNAPDRAGON.

Players Must Be Quick and Not Mind Burned Fingers.

Few "Christmas gambols" exist in their original form. But the old games modified to suit modern taste as well as the new ones are just as full of fun and are entered into by the young folks nowadays with as much zest as were the rougher gambols over which in old England the "Lord of Misrule" presided. Although the authority of this lord was generally acknowledged at Christmas merrymakings 200 or 300 years ago, and he made things very lively, such disorders finally crept into his brief burlesque reign that he was suppressed.

One of the most quiet and genial of the gambols over which he was master has been handed down under the name of "Snapdragon." Raisins are put into a large bowl, covered with spirit, which is ignited. Lights in the room are extinguished, and each one attempts in turn to grasp a raisin, a feat requiring some skill and courage. Meanwhile an appropriate accompaniment is the "Song of the Snapdragon," beginning thus:

Here he comes with flaming bowl.
Don't he mean to take his toll?
Snip! Snap! Dragon!

Take care you don't take too much,
Be not greedy in your clutch,
Snip! Snap! Dragon!

With his blue and lapping tongue
Many of you will be stung.
Snip! Snap! Dragon!

A Bit of Pathos at Christmastide.

There is a little girl of 6 who has proved herself one of the ministering children not in name only. A few weeks ago the baby of the family died. The children as well as the mother had looked forward to hanging up the baby's stocking at Christmas with a great deal of pleasure. But the loss of the baby brought such anguish to the mother that she decided to have no Christmas celebration of any kind. Last Sunday evening, as the family sat in partial darkness, recounting their loss with all its sad circumstances, a tender little voice pierced the gloom:

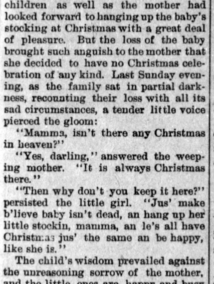
"Mamma, isn't there any Christmas in heaven?"

"Yes, darling," answered the weeping mother. "It is always Christmas there."

"Then why don't you keep it here?" persisted the little girl. "Jus' make b'lieve baby isn't dead, an hang up her little stockin, mamma, an le's all have Christmas jus' the same an be happy, like she is."

The child's wisdom prevailed against the unreasoning sorrow of the mother, and the little ones are happy and busy filling the stocking of the baby who will keep Christmas in heaven.

Christmas Dessert.



A HALF DOZEN SPOONS.

Christmas Carols.

The first Christmas carol, as Milton and Jeremy Taylor have said, was sung by the angels on the plains of Bethlehem. This custom has prevailed in most Christian countries and is perpetuated in England and on the continent. Calabrian minstrels still leave their mountains during the last days preceding Christmas for Naples or Rome, saluting with their wild music the shrines of the Virgin Mother, to cheer her until the birth hour of the infant Jesus, now near at hand. The first Christmas carols were hymns in honor of the nativity. They afterward assumed a more secular character, many of them being songs of revelry accompanying the festivities of the season.

The BEST

CONDENSED NEWS,
STORIES,
MISCELLANY,
WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT,
CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT
AGRICULTURAL DEPART
POLITICAL DEPART,
ANSWERS TO CORRESPON
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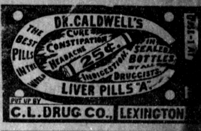

Farms For Sale or Rent.

Persons having farms in this or adjoining counties to sell or rent can be assisted in doing so by applying to W. E. Bean, Real Estate Agt., Mt. Sterling, Ky. Those wanting same should also apply to him. 19-4t

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise.—A purer medicine does not exist, and is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the liver and kidneys, will remove pimples, boils, salt rheum and other affections caused by impure blood. Will drive malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all malarial fevers.—For cure of headache, constipation and indigestion try Electric Bitters—entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Price 50 cents and $1.00 per bottle at W. S. Lloyd's drugstore.

Almost a New York Daily.

The Democratic wonder, the New York Weekly World, has just changed its weekly into a twice-a-week paper, and you can now get the two papers a week for the same old price—$1.00 a year.

Think of it! The news from New York right at your door fresh every three days—104 papers a year.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

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Sold by Druggists, price 75c. 19-4t

For Sale or Exchange.

A new double-barrelled breech loading shot gun, and a late edition Webster's Unabridged. Will sell cheap or exchange for Hams, Poultry, Eggs, etc.
19-3t Chiles-Thompson [illegible]

Will sell for the cash a nice house in a splendid neighborhood. Apply to [illegible]

WM. A. S[illegible]
16-tf or A. B. RA[illegible]

Sources of Ivory.

The chief source of ivory is that obtained from the elephants of Africa and Asia. Ivory so obtained may be distinguished, owing to the African, when first cut, exhibiting hardly any grain, being first of a transparent tint, afterward becoming lighter in color. Asiatic, when first cut, is like African which has been cut for some time, but becomes yellow by exposure to light. The African has a closer texture and is capable of being more highly polished than the Asiatic variety.

Besides elephant ivory, other substances have been largely used in the carving of the middle ages, notably walrus, narwhal and hippopotamus ivory. It is interesting to note that King Ohtere of Norway visited King Alfred the Great in 890 A. D. after a walrus hunt in the North sea, one of the objects of which was the obtaining of walrus ivory. Another very important source of ivory is that obtained from the mammoth, the extinct Elephas primigenius.

Large quantities of this ivory have been found in the frozen soils of Siberia, it being said that nearly all the turned ivory work of Russia has been made from this so called fossil ivory. These extinct elephants from which it is obtained have been immured in the frozen soil for countless centuries. In prehistoric times herds of these animals roamed over western Europe.—Chambers' Journal.

Shy Hands.

"It is a well known fact," said a citizen, "that men not habitually accustomed to wearing evening dress sometimes find difficulty in disposing of their hands to their entire satisfaction. Indeed it takes a 'blooded' man to know what to do with his hands and to be able to forget them. The man with his hands behind his back is a familiar figure, and it is a curious fact that upon the signs which one may see in various parts of the town announcing dress suits for sale or to hire and displaying the figure of a man in evening dress the man is almost always represented with one or both hands behind his back. Even upon these painted canvases, while the man's face is bold, his hands are shy. This seems almost a pity. It may be that the painters are moved by a subtle sympathy with the generality of mankind or by the fact that the human hand is a pretty difficult thing to paint, but it seems as though both for art's sake and for the public instruction they should give to the man on canvas the appearance and the bearing of a trained society man."—Exchange.

Riding a Broncho.

"It's all bosh, this talk about cowboys learning to enjoy the sport of riding a bucking horse," said a reformed cowboy. "Riding a bucking horse is like having boils—you never get thoroughly used to it. When you hear a fellow say that he would like to ride a bucking horse, he is either a liar or a greenhorn. The first day I ever went out with a herd of cattle I was dumped nine times because of the presence of a cactus bur in my saddle blanket.

"I have never seen but one man that had grit enough to sit on a real bucking horse until it had bucked all it wanted to, and he was bleeding at the nose, mouth and ears when they took him off the horse at the end of a half hour's struggle. As a general thing a cowboy will pull a horse's head up, wind the reins around the saddle horn, take a firm grip on the saddle with his hands and then rowel the bucker until the animal becomes convinced that it is better to benave than to buck."

Too Much Meat and Sweets.

Professor Atwater in a lecture asserted that the American people are first as meat eaters. He said that they eat more meat per capita than the cannibals of Africa. No European nation certainly approaches them in the consumption of this article of diet. In New York city he estimated that the consumption of meats was a pound per capita a day. He thought it bad whether considered physically or mentally—that is, if the American people would eat less meat they would be healthier physically and stronger mentally. Closely allied with this meat eating propensity he found that of sweetmeats. In this respect also the American people are gormandizers, according to the professor.—Des Moines Register.

Boston's Oldest Club.

The oldest club in Boston is reputed to be the Mercantile Library association, which was formed in 1820. Among the distinguished orators who have delivered the anniversary addresses are Daniel Webster, Robert C. Winthrop, Rufus Choate, George Hilliard and Horace Mann, while Oliver Wendell Holmes, John G. Saxe and James T. Fields have shone brilliantly as poets before the association.

Suspected Fractures.

When a fracture is suspected, do not move the patient unless absolutely necessary until a good surgeon can be secured. Meanwhile keep the injured part perfectly motionless and as comfortable as possible by propping up with pillows or pads made of rolls of cloth. Make cold applications to keep down the swelling where there is localized pain.—New York World.

ONE WOMAN'S SOCKS.

Being the Sad Story of How She Bought and How She Wore Them.

She had read that socks were to be worn by all women who had any sense of what was due to themselves. She shuddered at the prospect; but, like the famous captain, she said, "It is my duty, and I will." And she did.

She blushed violently when she asked for a pair of black silk socks with yellow polka dots. The young woman who was mistakenly supposed to be attending to her wants gazed at her with scorn.

"Socks at the gents' furnishing counter, two aisles to the left," she remarked, turning her back on the customer.

"But I don't want gentlemen's socks," said the martyr. The clerk had entered into animated conversation with one of her friends by that time and did not catch the customer's statement.

"Hey? What d'ye say?" she asked.

"I don't want men's socks," repeated the unhappy woman, at which several persons stopped and seemed animated by a desire to know what kind she did want. The clerk informed her that the store did not keep women's socks, and the would be fashionable lady went forth pursued by the laughter of the employees of the shop. She didn't gather courage to seek socks elsewhere that day, but one bright, sunshiny morning not long after, when she felt brave and strong, she went out for them again, and that time she was successful.

The day when she first donned the socks she now counts as the most miserable in her life. She had investigated the subject of masculine hose support and had finally convinced herself that she would not feel so very uncomfortable with a round garter several inches below her knee and a sort of harmless arrangement attaching it to her waist bands. She had not been out more than five minutes when she knew she had underestimated her capacity for suffering. She was distinctly miserable. She walked with a sort of jerk. She felt the band of elastic compressing her flesh, and she had an uncomfortable suspicion that the sock would slip in spite of the garter.

She went to a luncheon. It was a delightful affair given by a young artist in her studio. But artistic carelessness about crumbs and cheese had made the studio a favorite haunt of the mice. In the midst of the festivities a mouse ambled in. The hostess and all the guests sprang to their chairs and pulled up their skirts. When the mouse, scared by his reception, had departed, they sat down again, and the woman in socks remembered. The other women looked at her curiously. By and by she knew they were talking about her, and finally the hideous adjectives, "vulgar" and "bold," reached her ears. She felt no resentment, but believed that she deserved the epithets.

Of course it rained. She went forth from the luncheon and didn't dare to hold up her skirts, but let them flap forlornly against her ankles. She knew she was catching cold. She knew she would pay for those socks by a long attack of pneumonia. She knew her friends suspected her of various things. She splashed unhappily along. Suddenly she found herself in front of a big wagon. Habit was strong. She lifted her skirts and rushed madly across the street. Then there was a demoniacal yell, and she maintains that it was from no less than 500 impish newsboys' throats that the cry arose, "Where did you get them socks?"

She will not wear socks in the future.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Napoleon's Name.

I send you the following analysis of the name Napoleon. If not strictly correct, it is at least curious. Napoleon is composed of two Greek words, signifying lion of the desert:

1—Napoleon.
6—Apoleon.
7—Poleon.
5—Oleon.
4—Leon.
3—Eon.
2—On.

By dropping the first letter from the first syllable of the name in full and from each part of it in succession six Greek words are formed, which, translated in the order of the numerals, signify Napoleon, being a raging lion, going about destroying cities. The above I have copied from a book which I have.—George K. Colling in Chicago Herald.

Very Considerate.

Fogg says that his maid of all work is a very thoughtful girl. When she dropped a costly piece of china on the floor the other day she was not at all annoyed. She merely remarked that it was lucky she dropped it before she had swept.—Boston Transcript.

The Proper Thing.

"What do you think of Mr. Harhit's execution?" said Miss Gushly at the musicale.

"I hadn't heard of it," said old Growley, "but think it's a good idea. When does the hanging take place?"—Peck's Sun.

BERNHARDT'S NARROW ESCAPE.

Bourget Tells How She Came Near Being Kidnaped by Cowboys.

Paul Bourget, in his work, "Outre Mer," published in the Boston Herald, gives this story, which was told him by a cowboy:

"My friend and myself," said the cowboy, "tried nothing less than to kidnap one day, or rather one night, from one of the grand continental expresses, whom should you think? Sarah Bernhardt herself! However, she never knew anything about it."

"And how many were you for this expedition?" I asked.

"Oh, very few. But don't imagine that it is difficult to stop one of those great trains. When we were contemplating that fine project, we tried it like a rehearsal. Let me use that word, since it refers here to a queen of the stage. We had heard that Sarah was to pass at Green River in Wyoming a week later. We wished to know whether it was possible to stop the train long enough to execute our kidnaping. We were 12 men of the round up, as they say yonder, all well mounted. All had that love of danger which is so easily acquired by the abuse of strength in youth. We went in full daylight to a spot on the line where it makes a curve and where the express has to go very slowly, it appears.

"One of us started at a gallop beside the locomotive, with rifle at his shoulder, aiming at the engineer and guiding his pony with his knees. I did the same thing on the other side. The engineer stopped. Our comrades descended from their horses and went through the train from one end to the other, crying, 'Hands up,' holding their revolvers. It was a game to play and risk a terrible row, had we met there a man of courage who had himself drawn his weapon. Happily there was none such. While the terrified travelers were opening their bags to buy their liberty the false bandits had already mounted their horses, and we had all gone, discharging our guns and pistols in the air as we went."

"And the police?" I asked.

"It was represented," replied M. Barrin Conde, "by a sheriff, who lived 80 miles from there and who, I believe, is still making an inquest.

"And then—for everything is really fantastic in that west, and it all seems so natural when you are carried away by that existence—we were all masked, or at least we had handkerchiefs on our faces. Although this experiment succeeded, we understood the danger of it, which I have just mentioned. We wished to have some fun, which I submit for your qualifications. We did not wish to risk killing or being killed. We decided, therefore, to kidnap Sarah Bernhardt at the station itself. Her train was to have stopped at Green River at eight minutes to 12. We were to invade the compartment, carry her away by force, put her into a buggy and start off at a gallop. Some of our lot would have covered our retreat with their revolvers.

"One of us, a certain Sarlat, who is now a captain in the Chasseurs d'Afrique, had undertaken to get into the train at the preceding station. It was understood that he would wave his handkerchief at the door of the stateroom in which the great actress would be, for it was necessary to act rapidly and well, such an operation always being dangerous in a village. He started, as it had been understood. As to us, grouped on horseback around the buggy, we waited at the station patiently. Perhaps had you heard our discourse, you would have admitted that his coup de main was still more naive than rash. Without doubt our visitor would defend herself; she would go into hysterics. We should have to tie her. But once at the ranch we would obtain her pardon for our brutality by boundless respect. She would be treated as an empress. We would be forgiven, and we would live again several days of France by asking her to recite to us the most beautiful pieces of her repertory. The train only arrived at midnight, and we saw Sarlat descend without a handkerchief in his hand. Sarah Bernhardt had passed an hour earlier in the Salt Lake City express!"

Quieted the Old Girl.

I came in on the Colorado train from Clayton a few days ago. A newly married couple sitting opposite me attracted my attention by their peculiar behavior. At Benton station a lady got on and took a seat just in front of them. Scarcely was she seated before they commenced making remarks about her bonnet and dress in loud whispers. She was severely criticised by them for some moments. Presently the lady turned around. She noticed at a glance that the bride was older than the groom, and without the least resentment in her countenance she said:

"Madam, will you please have your son close the window behind you?"

The son closed his mouth instead, and the madam did not giggle again until the train pulled into the new Union station.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

LIVE BEARS ARE HEAVY.

But a Dead and Harmless One That Weighs One Thousand Pounds Is a Monster.

I have hunted and trapped for years in the Rocky mountain and coast ranges, the home of the grizzly, just for the money that I made by it, and in all my experience I have never killed nor even seen a bear that I thought would weigh half as much as some I have read about, and I have never known any one who ever saw a bear weighed that tipped the scales at 1,500 pounds. Nine out of every ten bears that are reported as weighing all the way from 1,000 pounds up to 2,300 pounds were killed many miles away from a pair of scales.

The largest bear I ever killed, or rather helped to kill, was when my partner and I were hunting and trapping on the Yak river in northwestern Montana, in the winter of 1889. We had had very good luck with beaver, marten and lynx and other land fur. Along toward spring we took a pack of grub and blankets on our backs and went up a creek that empties in the Yak. We intended to hunt in that locality for bear, and, as we always take the easiest way to hunt, we kill an elk, deer or any kind of game we run across for bait, then wait for the bear to come. We had lots of bait up that creek and killed some more on another creek. Then our grub was about out, and we had to go back and pack up enough to last us through the hunting. When we got through packing our grub, we began to see where there had been a bear taking the bait. A warm Chinook wind at that time did the work, for we were killing one now and then. We had traps and guns for bear, also four good dogs, so we were kept hustling taking care of the hides.

I had not been up to the farthest bait for several days. When I had time to go, D. said that he would keep me company, as he wanted to raise a cache of traps he had made in the fall when trapping for beaver. We had got almost up to the bait when I saw a bear track. It was a whale. I told D. that most likely the old boy was handy around the bait, for the tracks were fresh. When we came in sight of the bait, the bear had either heard or smelt us, for we saw that he had been eating on the bait. We put the dogs on the track and followed after them as fast as we could travel, over windfalls and through underbrush, with snowshoes. We have shoeing away into the spring in the mountains. We had not gone more than half a mile when I heard one of the dogs howl. Then I knew that the bear was our meat. We went down to where the dogs were, and there was a bear that was the grandpa of all the bears either of us had ever seen. It was a bald faced grizzly. He was fighting the dogs. He would run after one, when one of the others would bite him on his heels. It was laughable to see him. He did not know what kind of a jack pot he was in. Finally he thought it was getting too warm for his rear end, so he sat up on his haunches. That was the opportunity we were waiting for. We both turned loose with our 40.90 sharps, and the bear tumbled all in a heap. We skinned him and found where one of the bullets had broken his neck and the other his shoulder.

I had never seen such an animal before for size. I asked D. what it would weigh. That was the first bear I had ever wanted to weigh. D. said he had no idea, but we could try to pull him. We could just move him. He was lying on snow that was pretty solid. We had a stick through his gambrels, so we had a good pull at him. Both of us were over 6 feet tall and weighed over 200 pounds, so we were not very weak. We talked about the weight of the bear and thought he would probably weigh 800 pounds. His hide when stretched measured 10 feet 3 inches from tip of nose to the tail and was 8 feet 9 inches wide. When we went down in the spring, we showed the hide around, and old hunters said that it was the largest bear hide they had ever seen.

We killed 16 bears that spring, but none of them was as large by one-third as the big one. I do not believe that the big one would weigh at the very most 900 pounds, and he was very fat. I think he had not been out very long, as it was in April when he was killed. Now, my notion is that all these bears that weigh from 1,500 pounds up have been killed around a campfire. I would like to hear from any one who ever saw a bear weighed that tipped the scales at 1,500 pounds. A person who had never seen a bear running wild would say on seeing his first that it was the biggest thing ever wrapped up in hide. The first bear I ever saw looked as big as a mountain, but after I had killed him he shrunk down to a small black one. I could pack him all around, he was so small.—Forest and Stream.

Beer Is Death to Snails.

Beer placed in dishes near flowerpots will tempt all the snails in the vicinity, and the next morning they will be found lying alongside dead.

Kentucky Midland Ry.

—Only direct line between—

CINCINNATI AND FRANKFORT.

—Shortest and quickest between—

Frankfort, Georgetown and Paris, Carlisle, Maysville, Cynthiana, Falmouth and Covington.

—ASK FOR TICKETS VIA KY. MIDLAND.—

Trains Run By Central Standard Time.

TIME TABLE NOV. 18, 1894.

TRAINS EAST.	AM No 1	PM No 3	PM No 7
Lv Frankfort ......A...	7 00	4 00	1 00
Lv Summit	7 06	4 06	1 10
Lv Elkhorn	7 11	4 11	1 25
Lv Switzer	7 18	4 18	1 40
Lv Stamping Ground	7 28	4 28	2 00
Lv Duvall	7 34	4 34	2 10
Lv Johnson	7 40	4 40	2 20
Lv Georgetown ....B...	7 46	4 46	2 35
Lv C S Depot	7 55	4 53	3 00
Lv Newtown	8 08	5 03	3 20
Lv Centreville	8 16	5 15	3 35
Lv Elizabeth	8 20	5 25	3 45
Ar Paris ....C...	8 30	5 28	4 00

TRAINS WEST	AM No 2	PM No 4	AM No 8	PM No 12
Paris Junction		5 42		
Lv Paris ....C...	9 45	6 05		4 35
Ar Elizabeth	9 58	6 15		4 55
Arr Centreville	10 00	6 19		5 11
Ar Newtown	10 08	6 27		5 30
Ar C S Depot	10 18	6 42		
Ar Georgetown ...B..	10 35	6 45	7 47	5 50
Ar Johnson	10 41	6 51	8 00	
Ar Duvall	10 47	6 57	8 10	
Ar Stamping Ground	10 54	7 03	8 30	
Ar Switzer	11 04	7 13	8 50	
Ar Elkhorn	11 11	7 20	9 05	
Ar Summit	11 17	7 26	9 15	
Ar Frankfort ....A..	11 25	7 36	9 25	

A connects with L & N.
B connects with Q & C. and L S.
C connects with K C.

NOTE—Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 7, 8 and 12, daily except Sunday. See Sunday trains below.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

WEST—Leave Georgetown 10:35 a. m.; arrive at Frankfort 11:35 a. m.

EAST—Leave Frankfort 2:15 p. m.; arrive at Georgetown 3:15 p. m.

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New York,
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Time Card in Effect May 28, '93, From Mt. Sterling.

East Bound Leaves Mt Serling

Atlantic Express No. 22, daily ....8:35 a m
*Midland accom., No. 26 ....1:10 p m
Veestibuied Express No. 24, daily ....7:22 p m
*Mt. Sterling Accom., No. 28, arv ....7:50 p m

WEST BOUND: Leaves Mt. Sterling.

*Lexington Accommodation No. 7 ......6:25 a m
†Louisville Express No. 1 ....11:23 a m
*Lexington Accommodation No. 25 .... 2:50 p m
†Vestibuled Express No. 23 ....5:07 p m

*Daily except Sunday.
†Daily.

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Through sleepers from Lexington without change.

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H. W. FULLER, Gen. Pass. Agent, Washington, D. C.

Lexington & Eastern Railroad Company.

TIME CARD

IN EFFECT DEC. 10th, 1894.

GOING EAST.	No. 2. Daily	No. 6.
Lve Lexington	[illegible] p m	6 00 a m
Lve Winchester	[illegible] 53 p m	7 45 a m
Lve Fairlee	[illegible] p m	8 45 p m
Lve Beattyville Junction	[illegible] 58 p m	2 20 a m
Arr Jackson	[illegible] 00 p m	4 05 a m

GOING WEST.	No. 1. Daily	No. 5.
Lve Jackson	5 30 a m	7 00 a m
Lve Beattyville Junction	6 30 a m	9 30 a m
Lve Fairlee	8 15 a m	3 08 p m
Lve Winchester	8 30 a m	4 05 a m
Arr Lexington	9 20 a m	5 20 a m

Connections made with [illegible] railroad at Beattyville Junction for [illegible]. Nos 5 and 6 arrive and depart from Freight Depot Lexington.

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(KENTUCKY CENTRAL DIV.)

Schedule in effect Jan. 28, 1894.

South-Bound.	No. 1. Daily Express	No. 5 Fast Line Daily	No. Ac'cm Daily Ex. Sun
Lve Cincinnati	8 11 a m	7 55pm	3 05pm
Lve Covington	8 19 a m	8 03pm	3 11pm
Lve Falmouth	9 48 a m	9 08pm	4 17pm
Lve Cynthiana	10 43 a m	9 50pm	5 15pm
Arr Paris	11 18 a m	10 15pm	5 47pm
Arr Lexington	12 10 m	10 55pm	6 37pm
Lve Paris	11 25 a m	10 25 pm	6 20pm
Arr Winchester	12 10 m	10 55 pm	6 55pm
Lve Winchester	12 35 pm	10 55 pm	7 00pm
Arr Richmond	1 30 p m	11 43 pm	7 50pm
Lve Richmond	1 25 p m	11 43 pm	
Lve Berea	1 30 pm	12 07 am	
Arr Livingston	2 55 p m	1 05 am	
Lve Livingston	3 10 p m	1 25 am	
Lve London	3 52 p m	2 17 am	
Arr Corbin	4 28 p m	2 55 am	
Lve Corbin	4 35 p m	3 10 am	
Lve Barbourville	5 20 p m	3 52 am	
Lve Pineville	6 00 p m	4 30 am	
Lve Middleborough	6 40 p m	5 05 am	
Arr Cumberl'n Gap	6 55 p m	5 25 am	
Arr Harrogate	7 00 p m	5 30 am	
Ar Knoxville		8 00 am	
Lve Corbin	4 45 p m	3 10 am	
Lve Williamsburg	5 50 p m	3 56 am	
Arr Jellico	6 30 p m	4 25 am	
Lve Richmond	1 50 p		
Lve Lancaster	4 45 p m		
Arr Stanford	5 20 p m		

North-Bound.	No 2 Daily Express	No. 6 Daily	No. Da Ex.
Lve Stanford	Daily except Sunday.	7 00 am	
Lve Lancaster		7 50 am	
Arr Richmond		10 15 am	
Lve Jellico		7 00 am	11 10pm
Lve Willia's'b'g		7 46 am	11 38pm
Arr Corbin		8 50 am	12 20pm
Arr Harrogate		7 18 am	9 56pm
Lve Cum'l'd Gap		7 23 am	10 01pm
Lve Middlesborough		7 40 am	10 30pm
Lve Pineville		8 19 am	11 05pm
Lve Barb'rville		9 00 am	11 40pm
Arr Corbin		9 45 am	12 20am
Lve Corbin		9 50 am	12 35am
Lve London		10 23 am	1 08am
Arr Livingston		11 15 am	1 50am
Lve Livingston		11 30 am	2 15 am
Lve Berea		12 28 pm	3 12 am
Arr Richmond		12 55 pm	3 39 am
Lve Richmond	6 05 am	2 30 pm	3 39 am
Arr Winchester	6 55 am	3 20 pm	4 25 am
Lve Winchester	7 00 am	3 28 pm	4 25 am
Arr Paris	7 36 am	4 01 pm	4 55 am
Lve Lexington	7 00 am	3 35 pm	4 25 am
Lve Paris	7 52 am	4 15 pm	5 05 am
Lve Cynthiana	8 21 am	4 46 pm	5 27 m
Lve Falmouth	9 11 am	5 36 pm	6 08 a
Arr Covington	10 24 am	6 42 pm	7 16 am
Arr Cincinnati	10 30 am	6 50 pm	7 25 am

MAYSVILLE BRANCH.

North-Bound.	No. 2. Daily Ex. Sun.	No. 12 Daily Ex. Sun.
Lve Cincinnati		3 05 pm
Lve Covington		3 11 pm
Lve Lexington	7 00 a m	5 55 pm
Lve Paris	7 45 a m	6 35 pm
Arr Millersburg	8 08 a m	6 58 pm
Arr Carlisle	8 27 a m	7 17 pm
Arr Johnson	9 11 a m	8 01 pm
Arr Maysville	9 50 a m	8 40 pm

South-Bound.	No. 9 Daily Ex. Sun.	No. 11 Daily Ex. Sun.
Lve Maysville	5 42 a m	1 45 pm
Lve Johnson	6 20 a m	2 24 pm
Lve Carlisle	7 03 a m	3 08 pm
Lve Millersburg	7 22 a m	3 27 pm
Arr Paris	7 45 a m	3 50 pm
Arr Lexington	8 35 a m	6 37 pm
Arr Covington	10 24 a m	
Arr Cincinnati	10 30 a m	

No 7—Falmouth Accommodation. Leaves Cincinnati 1 45 pm. Arrives Falmouth 3 30 pm., daily except Sunday.

No 18—Leaves Falmouth 3 45 pm. Arrives Cincinnati 5 35 pm., daily.

Nos 1 and 3 make connection at Winchester for points on the N. N. & M. V. Ry.

No 1—Carries through cars from Cincinnati to Middlesborough and Cumberland Gap and all intermediate stations and runs daily.

Y. VANDEN BERG, Traffic Manager,
C. P. ATMORE, Gen'l Pass. Agt.
General Offices, Louisville, Ky.

JACKSON SMITH, Ass't. Gen'l Passg'r Agt. Office, Chamber of Commerce Bld'g., Cinti.

Columbian Liquid Paint!

A Pure Linseed Oil Paint.

We guarantee this Paint to be composed of the very best material combined with greatest care. No water, no benzine, No short measure.

For sale by

R. C. LLOYD

DRUGGIST,

Paints & All Druggist's Sundries,

MT. STERLING, KY.

TRIMBLE BROS.

WHOLESALE GROCERS

MT. STERLING, KY.

Beaming and Complaisant.

The at-peace-with-the-world feeling existing in the bosom of W. R. Brown, Viola, Iowa, when he wrote: "The doctors pronounced mine a severe case of blood poisoning caused by kidney disease. Kept my bed two months. They gave me up to die, when I got Dr. Fenner's Kidney and Backache Cure. Soon commenced discharging matter in the urine. After taking five bottles, I got all right, well and sound. It is regarded as a wonderful cure. I was expected to die as I am 70 years old." This would be wonderful if we were not used to receiving just such letters. Equally good in female complaints rheumatism, heart disease, dropsy, and all blood diseases. Restores the kidneys, purifies the blood and heals the diseased tissues. Health is the result. If satisfaction not given money refunded. Take home a bottle to-day.

The new frame residence of Sam Turley, on Harrison avenue is about completed.

A telegram from Washington says that the cash balance in the Treasury at the close of business, Dec. 31 was $153,022,092, gold reserve, $86,870,145.

The Lexington Exposition will not close as formerly advertised, but will extend through the entire month of January, and special railroad rates will be as heretofore.

A telegram from Washington announces that Secretary Herbert has remitted the unexpired portion of Lieut. E. D. Bostick, surspended for one year by court martial for drunkenness, while attached to the Rangers at San Diego.

The accounts of Owen Laughlin & Son and John Feehan are off and ready for collection and we are anxious that every man who owes account—be it small or large—come in and settle.

Respectfully,
OWEN LAUGHLIN & SON.

The Chiles, Thompson Grocery Co. have secured the services of Mr. S. S. Pinney, of Owingsville, who will travel for them during this year. Mr. Pinney is highly recommended as a gentleman and hustling business man and the result of his labor so far are very gratifying to his firm.

We propose to offer to the public from now until February 1 special low prices in all kinds of footwear, men's boots and shoes, ladies' fine shoes, children's shoes, etc., The prices which we shall name will be exclusively for cash.

Respectfully,
GREENE, CLAY & CHENAULT.

Mr. J. T. Burkhardt, the carpet dealer, after the usual Sunday services at the work-house, in Louisville, presented the prisoners with two boxes of oranges, two boxes of cakes and fifty pounds of candy. Mr. Burkhardt has been holding these services at the work-house for over a year and is held in high esteem by the prisoners.

Stone & Sudduth, of Louisville have sued the firm of Mason, Hoge & Myer, contractors for a fee of $12,500 for legal services.—Courier-Journal

Querry.—On this charge as a basis, what will be their charge in the New Farmers Bank matter, where many suits have been brought? Then there are other attorneys. What will their charges be? Is it not time for the trustees to take sufficient time to make an itemized statement, showing the amount of money collected, their disbursements and every liability up to date? Certainly the stockholders and depositors should know the present status of their interests. This one thing we do know: they have paid from the amount which came into their hands, more than $600,000, only thirty per cent. on the deposits, and that they have been nearly eighteen months in doing. What a showing for splendid business men! Suppose you had a fifteen-year-old inexperienced boy and should turn over to him notes amounting to $600,000, and in eighteen months thereafter he should hand you in about $60,000. What would you think of the lad? You would not fail to find out from him how many notes he had left and how he had made his collections. The Columbia Finance & Trust Company should make a public statement on their own accord and if not willing they should be compelled to do so. Our people have rights that the trustees should respect.

HORSE AND TRACK.

W. H. and J. Malcolm Forbes have invested over $600,000 in horses.

It is said Joe Patchen's winnings in purse races and specials aggregate $17,000 for the season.

Sixty-five two-year-old trotters went in 2:30 or better in 1894, Oakland Baron's 2:14½ being the best.

Fifty-nine pacers have records of 2:10 or better, two of which are two year-olds and two three-year-olds.

Charles Beckman paid $450 for Green Mountain Maid and her produce brought over $100,000 at Stony Ford

Mat Laird says that Rubinstein, 2:08 is rounding out, and he thinks he will be one of the handsomest horses in the world.

Thirty-three trotters have records of 2:10 or better, Fantasy (4), 2:06; (3) 2:08¾, being the only three-year-old in the "select circle."

A weanling brother to Boreal 2:17¼ has been purcased by George Bowerman, of Lexington, Ky., from the Hermitage Stud, Nashville, Tenn.

Ed Geers, the driver of Robert J., 2:01½, and the Hamlin string, drove his first race at Lebanon, Tenn., in 1872, winning with Little Dave, the fastest heat of which was 3:07.

The sale of thoroughbred horses belonging to the estate of Duchess Montrose in England 20 head sold for over $138,000 making an average of nearly $7,000 One three-year-old filly brought $36,000.

When rigged for races Joe Patchen wears a five ounce bar shoe forward and a three and a half ounce bar shoe behind. His list of boots consists of a small pair of quarter boots and felt knee and coronet boots.

No two-year-olds are allowed to trot in races in France and Russia. In Germany, two-year-olds, under the rule to go into effect January, 1896, will be allowed to race only between September 1 and January 1.

STOCK AND CROP.

J. T. Highland sold Col. Thos. Johnson 23 acres of corn, or 290 shocks, making 316 barrels, at $1.50 per barrel. The corn made 13½ barrels per acre. Last year Mr. Highland sold the same field at $1 75 per barrel and it made 13 barrels per acre. Who can beat Somerset land?

Mrs Jennie Gatewood bought from parties in Bath county last week, 41 head of yearlings, weight 900 podnds at $3.12½.

Mrs. Jennie Gatewood sold to Woodford & Still, of Bourbon county, 102 head of cattle; weight 1214 pounds at 3¾ cents, clearing about $1,000 on the lot in very short time.

Miss Gussie Punch entertained in an elegant manner Wednesday evening in honor of Misses Annie and Julia Connell, two charming young ladies of Paris. The gentlemen were each given an apron to hem. Mr. Elwin Hockaday won the first prize, a handsome silver pen knife, while Mr. John Welsh won the booby prize, a brass stick pin. Elegant refreshments were served at ten o'clock. The party dispersed at eleven o'clock, each declaring Miss Punch to be a most charming hostess.

A Card.

We are indeed thankful to our friends, and they were many, for the kindness shown our father in his last sickness.

Very Respectfully,
W. H. FOGG AND BROTHERS.

The small hamlet of Birdie in Anderson county is considerably stirred up over the marriage of a couple of children, the bridegroom being only fourteen and the bride thirteen. The bridegroom, Lonnie Huslands, was the son of Joseph Huslands, a highly esteemed farmer. The bride was Lily Worford.

The Kentucky Sunday School Union will meet in conference in the city of Louisville, February 5, and will be in session three days. The thirtieth annual State Convention will be held in Lexington in August.

Robert Reynolds was fatally cut at a dance at Olympia at the house of Alexander McKnight, by a son of McKnight.

Our friends are invited to call on us at our new quarters.

LIGHTNING HOT DROPS

CURES Colic, Cramps, Diarrhoea, Flux, Cholera Morbus, Nausea, Changes of Water, Etc.

HEALS Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scratches, Bites of Animals and Bugs, Etc. Tastes Good. Smells Good.

BREAKS UP A COLD.

SOLD EVERYWHERE—25 AND 50c PER BOTTLE. NO RELIEF, NO PAY.
50c size contains two and one half times as much as 25c bottle.

HERB MEDICINE CO. SPRINGFIELD, O.

Sheriff's Sale For Taxes.

I, or one of my deputies, will, on MONDAY, JANUARY, 21, 1895. It being County Court Day, between the hours of 9 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m., at the Court House door, in Mt. Sterling, Montgomery county, Ky., expose to public sale, to the highest bidder, the following property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the taxes of the following named parties for the year 1894, to-wit:

E. S Jameson, abont 210 acres of land on waters of Hinkston creek, Montgomery county, Ky., and bounded on west by A. J. Cassidy and W. W. Thompson, north by Ed Sledd, east by Hinkston turnpike road and Mrs. J. S. Williams, south by Sid Hart & Brother and W. W. Thompson.

L. D. Wilson, one dwelling house and lot, situated on Main street, Mt. Sterling, Montgomery county, Ky., and bounded on the east by Mrs. Mariah Crawford, north by lot formerly owned by Mrs. T. H. Eastin, west by Methodist church and Wilson alley south by Main street. Also house and lot on Maysville street, Mt. Sterling, Montgomery county, Ky., and bounded on east by Main street, west and south by Mt. Sterling Improvement Company, north by W. P. Oldham & Co

John W. Ross, about 148 acres of land on waters of Hinkston creek, Montgomery county, Ky., and bounded on east by Mrs. H. L. Jones, west Mrs. Cordia Brawner, south by Joel Fesler and wife, north by J. T. Highland.

Waller Sharp, about 65 acres of land, on waters of Hinkston creek, Montgomery county, Ky., and bounded on east by George Stiles and Stout heirs, north by James Wilson, west by Joe Wilson, Sr., south by Hinkston creek.

Mrs. F. W. Bassett, house and lot, situated in Mt. Sterling, Montgomery county, Ky., on Clay street, and bounded on south by Clay street, west by John C. Thompson, east by Trimble Bros., north by T. G. Denton.

Dennis McMahan, one house and lot on Elm street, Mt. Sterling, Montgomery county, Ky., and bounded on west by Elm street, north by Mrs. Joe Brawner, south by Miss Mary A. Smith, east by Thos Whitt.

R. A. Mitchell, one house and lot on Main street, Mt. Sterling, Montgomery county, Ky., and bounded on east by H. Jones, Jr., north by Main street, west by Jennis Samuels and Brooks Ratliff, south by Locust street and Mrs. Leonis Berry; also one stable and lot on Main street, Mt. Sterling, Montgomery county, Ky., and bound on east by Strawberry or Wilson alley, south by Thompson heirs and Geo. Hall, west by C. Toomey, north by Main street.

Wm. and Martin Sydner, one-fourth undivided interest belonging to Martin Sydner in one house and lot situated in Mt. Sterling, Montgomery county, Ky., on north side of High street, and bounded on south by High street, west by Mrs. M. E. Lindsay, north by P. McNamara, east by Mrs. E. Stephens.

The Security Trust and Safety Vault Co., assignee of J. H. McBryar Distilling Company, about 4 acres of land, including warehouses and distillery house, etc., situated on Hinkston creek, Montgomery county, Ky., and bounded on the south, east and north by Jno. T. Woodford, west by C. & O. railroad.

Mary Lucas, estate of 81 acres, situated on waters of Slate creek, Montgomery county, Ky., and bounded on the north by county road and land formerly owned by Alvin Myers, south by J. R. Jackson and Joseph Prewitt, west by county road, east by Henry Prewitt and Frank Murphy.

W. A. Wilson, one house and lot on Sycamore street, in Mt. Sterling, Montgomery county, Ky., and bounded on east by Sycamore street, west by Mrs. Sallie Haindline, north by Mrs. W. S. Richart, south by Mrs. Mattie A. Tucker.

A. J. Cassidy, 107 acres of land, situated in Montgomery county, Ky., on waters of Hinkston creek and bounded on north by land of H. C. Turner and Joel Fesler, east by land of E. S. Jameson and W. E. Sledd, south by land of W. W. Thompson and west by land of W. W. Thompson and H. C. Turner.

And also, at same time and place, for taxes for the years 1893 and 1894, I will sell as the property of Philip Hockenheimer estate, about 20 acres of land—more or less—situated on Hog creek, Montgomery county, Ky., and bounded on east by land of McKinney heirs, west by land of R. H. Ware, south by land of Ed Highley, north by land of Robert Garrett.

Witness my hand this 21 day of December, 1894.

JOHN C. RICHARDSON,
Sheriff Montgomery County, Ky,

Sheriff's Sale For Taxes.

I, or one of my deputies, will, on MONDAY, JANUARY 21, 1895. It being County Court Day, between the hours of 9 o'clock a. m., and 4 o'clock p. m., at the Court House door in Mt. Sterling, Montgomery county, Ky., expose to public sale to the highest bidder the following property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the taxes of Philip Hockenheimer for the years 1891 and 1892 viz: Twenty acres of land situated in Montgomery county, Ky., and bounded on the east by the land of McKinney heirs, west by by the lands of R. H. Ware, south by lands of Ed Highely, north by lands of Robert Garrett.

Terms cash.

Witness my hand this 21 day of December, 1894.

R. C. ROBERSON,
Sheriff Montgomery County, Ky.

Valuable Papers.

Lost, on Wednesday between Mr. Jo. C. Orear's residence and Mt. Sterling an envelope containing three deeds. The envelope was addressed to A. J. Wren, Judy, Ky. The finder will please leave at this office.

New Years Greeting.

With open hands of fellowship I extend to the public, the sincerest New Year's greeting. I am thankful for all past consideration and hope by liberal dealings to merit an increased share of patronage in the future.

Being thoroughly equipped I can assure you the same promptness in attending to your wants that has characterized my past efforts in that direction.

With a cordial invitation to call, I remain Very Truly Yours

JOE M. CONROY.

To Loan,

$6,500, all in one sum, or will divide in two sums, one of $3,500 and one of $3,000. Will not loan on anything but farm property. If you want the money call at once on

A. HOFFMAN, Agent.

Mr. Thos. G. Denton took in the Lexington Exposition to-day. It pays anyone to see the display of our neighbor city.

Rogers and Gibbons have sold their saloon business to Mike Gibbons, and Henry Watson has sold his saloon to E. H. Bramlett.

George W. Baird is one of the best Clerks the city has ever had. He works according to the letter of the law and it it pleases everybody he is happy; if it don't he can't help it.

Dave White, colored, asked the Council for a permit to put up five frame buildings and when he was asked for designs he said they would be without any design.

The Mt. Sterling Ice Manufacturing Co. will have their office in the Commercial Club building on South Maysville street and will be connected with city telephone exchange.

The Indian Creek Coal & Lumber Company were granted a permit last Tuesday evening by the City Council to put up some buildings on the property of the C. & O. Railroad Co. at the foot of Sycamore street to be used in storing coal.

OPENS DECEMBER 10th, AND CONTINUES FOR THREE WEEKS.

Reduced Rates on all Railroads.

. . SPECIAL . . ATTRACTIONS Every Night of the Exposition.

LEXINGTON KY.

LINCOLN TEA

TRADE MARK.

BEST IN THE WORLD!

Without a rival for keeping the system in a healthy condition. Cures Constipation, stimulates the Liver and Kidneys. It has no equal as a Complexion Beautifier. Cures Headache and is unequaled for Dyspepsia.

A nicely illustrated eighty-page Lincoln Story Book given to every purchaser of a package of LINCOLN TEA. Price 25c. Ask your druggist, or LINCOLN TEA CO., Fort Wayne, Ind.
FOR SALE BY THOS. KENNEDY.

This firm is reliable.—Publishers Advocate.

J. W. JONES, AGT.

Jeweler,

WATCHES, CLOCKS,

PLATED AND SOLID

Silverware

Main Street - MT. STERLING, KY.

DO YOU WANT TO GET WELL?

Take Matchless Mineral Water!

THE WONDER OF THE AGE.

The Wonder of the Age!

One and Two Quarts has cured the worst cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Diabetis, Diarrhoea, and General Stomach Derangement. The Greatest Natural Tonic and Blood Purifier in the World. Se what Dr. Duval says:

"Louisville, Ky.

"Dear Sir: The Matchless Mineral Water in my hands has surpassed anything I have ever used in my practices for Nervous Diseases. Dyspepsia and Insominia. The quick effects has been so great that they would have to be seen to be believed. It is a great water Nothing like it.

H. A. DULAL, M. D.

"211 West Chestnut street.

Write us for Analysis and full particulars. Parties desiring to handle this water would do well by writing us for terms, etc. Address,

R. F. GORDON, JR. & CO.
General Soliciting and Distributing Agents.
153 FIFTH ST., LOUISVILLE, KY.

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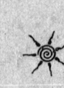

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

It means that the Queen and Crescent Route is 17 miles shortest between Cincinnati and Lexington; 23 miles shortest Cincinnati to Birmingham; 90 miles shortest Cincinnati to New Orleans; 109 miles shortest Cincinnati to Chattanooga, Atlanta, or Jacksonville, Florida.

SOLID VESTIBULED TRAINS

between all of the above points. Through Cars to Vicksburg and Shreveport. Only line running through cars Cincinnati to Knoxville and Asheville, N. C. Direct line to Texas and Mexico via New Orleans or via Shreveport. Ask agents about tours to California. From Louisville, Shelbyville and Lawrenceburg, direct connection is made at Lexington with vestibuled trains to all points South.

W. C. RINEARSON,
Gen'l Pass'r Agent, Cincinnati, O.

QUEEN AND CRESCENT ROUTE.